

SPIRITUAL SONGS:

O R,

Songs of Praise,

WITH

Penitential Cries to Almighty GOD,

Upon several Occasions.

Together with the

SONG of SONGS,

Which is

S O L O M O N's:

First Turned, then Paraphrased in *English*
Verse: With an Addition of a Sacred
POEM on *Dives* and *Lazarus*.

The SIXTEENTH EDITION Corrected.

L O N D O N:

Printed for C. HITCH and L. HAWES, J. BUCKLAND,
W. JOHNSTON, G. KEITH, T. LONGMAN, B. LAW
and Co. and E. DILLY. MDCCLXI.

7/8/77

SPRITUAL SONGS

Songs of Praise

WITH

Psalmist's Canto to Almighty GOD



SONG OF SONGS

WILLIAM

SONG OF SONGS

First Printed, then Reprinted in 1840
With an addition of a second
FORM in 1841 and 1842

The following edition corrected

Printed by G. Smith and Son, 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.
W. Johnston, G. Keith, T. Longman, R. Law,
and E. Day, MDCCCXXII

THE P R E F A C E.

OUR Blessed Saviour immediately before he went out to suffer, sung an Hymn, and his Disciples sung with him: After his Ascension into Heaven, the Apostles sung the Praises of God, and taught others to do so. After them, the Primitive Christians sung; and so must the Christians of this Time: For if these should hold their Peace, the Stones would immediately cry out. Should we be silent, even the *Heathens* might shame us; one of whom said formerly to his Friends, *If I was a Nightingale, I would sing like a Nightingale; but now I am a Man; I will sing the Praises of God as long as I live; and I would have you to sing with me.* Sing we then heartily to our good God, as it ever becometh us. So dear to us should the Concernment of God's Honour be, that we should solemnly own his Goodness, Power and Willdom, even in those Works of His, wherein we have no special Interest: For this we have the Example of Holy *David*, and others. But if we have not attained to

The P R E F A C E.

to divine a Frame, yet we should, at least, praise God for our own Mercies: Which are scarce Mercies, scarce our own, if they be not thankfully acknowledged to Him that gave them; some of which are taken notice of in the First Part of the Book. But who can express the noble Acts of the Lord, or shew forth all his Praises?

Solomon's Song is an Heavenly Discourse betwixt Christ and his Church; and O how he loves her! How he extolls her! How he admires her! How he rejoices in her! It is a Thing which cannot be duly thought upon without an Holy Astonishment: As is his Majesty, so is his Mercy, so is his Love, his Joy. Hence it is, that the Day of his Elpousals (a Day that crowned his Church with infinite Happiness) is stiled, *The Day of the Gladness of his Heart*, Chap. 5. 11.

In the Version I looked at the Words; in the Paraphrase, at the Spiritual Sense; in the Whole, at the Edification of those that love our Lord Jesus Christ in Sincerity.

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive Power, and Riches, and Wisdom, and Strength, and Honour, and Glory, and Blessing.

Let

The P R E F A C E.

Let Heaven and Earth praise Him, let Saints and Angels praise Him.

Let God's Holy Church throughout all the World praise Him; let all the Tongues and Tribes of the Earth praise Him; let Time praise Him; let Eternity praise Him; let our Lips and Lives praise Him; let our Souls praise Him: And O may they be a Praise to the Riches of his Grace for ever!

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Songs of Praise to Almighty GOD,
upon several Occasions.

I. *A general Song of Praise to Almighty
GOD.*

(1.)

HOW shall I sing that Majesty
Which Angels do admire!
Let Dust in Dust and Silence lie,
Sing, sing, ye Heavenly Choir.

Thousands of Thousands stand around
Thy Throne, O God, most high;
Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand sound
Thy Praise; but who am I?

(2.)

Thy Brightness unto them appears
Whilst I thy Footsteps trace;
A Sound of God comes to my Ears;
But they behold thy Face.

They sing, because thou art their Sun;
Lord, send a Beam on me;
For where Heav'n is but once begun,
There Hallelujahs be.

(3.)

Enlighten with Faith's Light my Heart,
Enflame it with Love's Fire,

Then

Then shall I sing and bear a Part
With that Cœlestial Choir.

I shall, I fear, be dark and cold,
With all my Fire and Light:
Yet when thou dost accept their Gold,
Lord, treasure up my Mite.

(4.)

How great a Being, Lord, is thine,
Which doth all Beings keep!
Thy Knowledge is the only Line
To sound so vast a Deep.

Thou art a Sea without a Shore,
A Sun without a Sphere;
Thy Time is now and evermore,
Thy Place is every where.

(5.)

How good art thou, whose Goodness is
Our Parent, Nurse and Guide;
Whole Streams do water Paradise,
And all the Earth beside!

Thine upper and thy nether Springs
Make both thy Worlds to thrive;
Under thy warm and shelt'ring Wings
Thou keep'st two Broods alive.

(6.)

Thy Arm of Might, most mighty King,
Both Rocks and Hearts doth break:
My God, Thou canst do every Thing
But what should shew thee weak.
Thou canst not cross thyself, or be
Less than thyself, or poor;

But

to Almighty GOD.

3.

But whatsoever pleaseth Thee,
That canst thou do, and more.

(7.)

Who would not fear thy searching Eye,
Witness to all that's true!

Dark Hell, and deep Hypocrisy
Lie plain before its View.

Motions and Thoughts before they grow,

Thy Knowledge doth espy;

What unborn Ages are to do,

Is done before thine Eye.

(8.)

Thy Wisdom, which both makes and mends,

We ever much admire:

Creation all our Wit transcends;

Redemption rises higher.

Thy Wisdom guides stray'd Sinners home,

'Twill make the dead World rise,

And bring those Prisoners to their Doom:

Its Paths are Mysteries.

(9.)

Great is thy Truth, and shall prevail

To Unbelievers Shame:

Thy Truth and Years do never fail;

Thou ever art the same.

Unbelief is a raging Wave

Dashing against a Rock:

If God doth not his *Israel* save,

Then let *Egyptians* mock.

(10.)

Most pure and holy are thine Eyes,

Most holy is thy Name;

Thy

Thy Saints and Laws, and Penalties,
Thy Holiness proclaim.

This is the Devils Scourge and Sting,

This is the Angels Song,
Who Holy, Holy, Holy sing,
In heavenly *Canaan's* Tongue.

(11.)

Mercy, that shining Attribute,

The Sinner's Hope and Plea !

Huge Hosts of Sins in their Pursuit

Are drown'd in thy Red-Sea :

Mercy is God's Memorial,

And in all Ages prais'd :

My God, thine only Son did fall,

That Mercy might be rais'd.

(12.)

Thy bright Back-parts, O God of Grace,

I humbly here adore ;

Shew me thy Glory and thy Face,

That I may praise thee more.

Since none can see thy Face and live,

For me to die is best ;

Thro' *Jordan's* Streams who would not die

To land at *Canaan's* Rest ?

Another.

(1.)

WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his Gifts to me !

Sing Heav'n and Earth, rejoice and praise

His Glorious Majesty.

Bright.

Bright Cherubims, sweet Seraphims,
Praise him with all your Might;
Praise, praise him, all ye Hosts of Heav'n;
Praise him ye Saints in Light.

(2.)

Ye blessed Patriarchs, praise the Lord;
For his First-fruits are ye;
Bless'd Prophets who dreamt here of God,
Praise him, whom now you see.
Offer to God, ye glorious Priests,
Your Sacrifice of Praise:
Sweet Psalmists, now your Hearts are fix'd,
Your tuneful Voices raise.

(3.)

Ye twelve Apostles of the Lamb,
Who here proclaim'd your King,
And fill'd this World with holy Sounds,
Loud Hallelujahs sing,
Triumphant Martyrs, ye did fight,
And fighting ye did fall,
And falling ye took up a Crown:
Crown him, who crown'd you all.

(4.)

Praise, praise him, all ye saved Ones,
From whom Salvation came:
Praise him that sits upon the Throne,
And praise the glorious Lamb.
Praise, praise him all ye Saints below,
Praise him both East and West:
Praise him, all ye baptized Lands,
Praise whom you have profess'd.

(5.)

(5.)

O praise him, all ye crowned Heads;

That own the Christian Name :

Praise him, who is the King of Kings ;

Raise and enlarge his Fame.

Praise him all Christian Magistrates,

Gain Credit to his Ways :

Praise him, ye Ministers of God,

Teach others him to praise.

(6.)

Praise him, our famous Christian Isle,

Praise him with one Accord :

Let every Tongue, let every Tribe

Be taught to praise the Lord.

Praise him, my Friends and Kindred all,

O praise him all your Days :

My Mind and Heart, my Lip and Life,

Join to advance his Praise.

(7.)

O let me praise Thee whilst I live,

And praise Thee when I die ;

And praise Thee when I rise again,

And to Eternity.

Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;

The Father sent his Son ;

The Son sends forth the Holy Ghost

For Mens Salvation.

(8.)

Mysterious Depths of endless Love

Our Admirations raise ;

My God, thy Name exalted is

Far above all our Praise.

III.

III. *A Song of Praise for Creation.*

(1.)

THou wast, O God : And thou wast blest
Before the World begun ;
Of thine Eternity possessest
Before Time's Glass did run.
Thou needest none thy Praise to sing,
As if thy Joy could fade :
Could'st thou have needed any Thing,
Thou could'st have nothing made.

(2.)

Great and good God, it pleased Thee
Thy Godhead to declare ;
And what thy Goodness did decree,
Thy Greatness did prepare :
Thou spak'st, and Heaven and Earth appear'd,
And answer'd to thy Call ;
As if their Maker's Voice they heard,
Which is the Creatures *ALL*.

(3.)

Thou spak'st the Word, most mighty Lord,
Thy Word went forth with Speed :
Thy Will, O Lord, it was thy Word,
Thy Word it was thy Deed.
Thou brought'st forth *Adam* from the Ground,
And *Eve* out of his Side :
Thy Blessing made the Earth abound
With these two multiply'd.

(4.)

Those three great Leaves, *Heav'n, Sea and Land*,
Thy Name in Figures shew ;

Brutes

Brutes feel the Bounty of thy Hand,
But I my Maker know.

Should not I here thy Servant be,
Whose Creatures serve me here?

My Lord, whom should I fear but Thee,
Who am thy Creatures Fear!

(5.)

To whom, Lord, should I sing, but Thee;
The Maker of my Tongue!

Lo! Other Lords would seize on me,
But I to Thee belong.

As Waters haste unto their Sea,
And Earth unto its Earth;

So let my Soul return to Thee,
From whom it had its Birth.

(6.)

But ah! I'm fallen in the Night,
And cannot come to Thee:

Yet speak the Word, *Let there be Light*;
It shall enlighten me:

And let thy Word, most mighty Lord,
Thy fallen Creature raise:

O make me o'er again, and I
Shall sing my Maker's Praise.

IV, *A Song of Praise for Preservation.*

(1.) (Earth)

THOU Lord, who raised'st Heaven and
Dost make thy Building stand;

The Weight whereof doth wholly rest
On thine Almighty Hand.

Should'st

Should'st thou withdraw thy Hand of Might,
The Earth would quit its Place;
The shining Heav'n would vanish straight
Into meer empty Space.

(2.)

For as that Liquor's Scent remains,
Which first the Cask did fill;
So feeble Creatures hold the Scent
Of their first Nothing still:
Lord, what is Man, that Child of Pride,
That boasts his high Degree!
For one poor Moment he be left,
He sinks, and where is he?

(3.)

In thee I live, and move, and am;
Thou deal'st me out my Days:
As thou renew'st my Being, Lord,
Let me renew thy Praise.
For thee I am, through thee I am,
And for thee I must be:
'Tis better for me not to live,
Than not to live to thee.

(4.)

My God, thou art my glorious Sun,
By whose bright Beams I shine:
As thou, Lord, ever art with me,
Let me be ever thine.
Thou art my living Fountain, Lord,
Whose Streams on me do flow:
My self I render unto thee,
To whom my self I owe.

B

(5.)

(5.)

As thou, Lord, an immortal Soul
 Hast breathed into me;
 So let my Soul be breathing forth
 Immortal Thanks to thee.

V. *A Song of Praise for Provision.*

(1.)

Come, let us praise our Master's Hand,
 Which gives us daily Bread:
 Thy House, my Lord, is full of Guests,
 Thy Table richly spread.
 Earth is thy Table, where thy Guests
 Do daily sit and feed:
 Thy Hand carves every one his Part,
 And suffers none to need.

(2.)

Naked came I into the World,
 And nothing with me brought;
 And nothing have I here deserv'd,
 Yet have I lacked nought.
 I do not bless my lab'ring Hand,
 My lab'ring Head, or Chance;
 Thy Providence, most gracious God,
 Is mine Inheritance.

(3.)

Thy Bounty gives me Bread with Peace,
 A Table free from Strife;
 Thy Blessing is the Staff of Bread,
 Which is the Staff of Life.
 The People sat in Companies,
 (My Saviour fed them all:

So

to Almighty GOD.

11

So all the Families of the Earth
Have Tables in God's Hall.

(4.)

The Vine and Olive-Branches too
Are nourish'd by thy Care :
Mercies we eat, Mercies we drink,
Mercies we daily wear,
Shall I repine against my God
That kept me all my Days ?
Then let my Tongue forget to taste
When it forgets to praise.

VI. *A Song of Praise for Protection.*

(1.)

MY God, my only Help and Hope,
My strong and sure Defence ;
For all my Safety and my Peace
I bless thy Providence.
The daily Favours of my God
I cannot sing at large :
Yet let me make this Holy Boast,
I am th' Almighty's Charge.

(2.)

Lord, in the Day, thou art about
The Paths wherein I tread ;
And in the Night, when I lie down,
Thou art about my Bed.
I travel through the Wilderness,
Free from the Beasts of Prey ;
The Wolves and Lions Mouths are stop'd,
The Serpents creep away.

B 2

(3.)

(3.)

In Preservation God creates,
Delivers in Protection:

Lord, every Moment of my Life
Is like a Resurrection.

A thousand Deaths I daily 'scape,
I pass by many a Pit,
I sail by many dreadful Rocks
Where others have been split.

(4.)

I see blind People with mine Eyes,
To Hospitals I walk;
I hear of them that cannot hear,
And of the Dumb I talk.

Lord, what am I, that thou should'st shew
Such Favour unto me?
My Bones and Senses all must say,
Lord, who is like to Thee?

VII. *A Song of Praise for Health.*

(1.)

Health is a Jewel drop't from Heav'n,
Which Money cannot buy,
The Life of Life, the Body's Peace,
And pleasant Harmony.

Lord, who hath turn'd my outward Man
To such a lively Frame!
Skrew up my Heart-strings all to make
Sweet Melody to thy Name.

(2.)

Whilst others in God's Prisons lie
Bound with Affliction's Chains,

I walk at large, secure and free
 From Sickneſs and from Pains.
 Their Life is Death, their Language Groans,
 Their Meat is Juice of Galls; [Want;
 Their Friends but Strangers, Wealth but
 Their Houſes, Priſon-Walls.

(3.)

Their earneſt Cries do pierce the Skies,
 And ſhall I ſilent be?
 Lord, were I ſick, as I am well,
 Thou ſhould'ſt have heard from me.
 The Sick have not more Cauſe to pray,
 Than I to praiſe my King:
 Since Nature teaches them to groan,
 Let Grace teach me to ſing.

(4.)

I ſee my Friends, I taſte my Meat,
 I'm free for mine Employ;
 But when I do enjoy my God,
 Then I myſelf enjoy.
 Lord, who doſt ſet me on my Feet,
 Direct me in thy Ways:
 O crown thy Gift of Health with Grace,
 And turn it to thy Praiſe.

VIII. *A Song of Praise for Family Prosperity.*

(1.)

THY Bleſſing, Lord, doth multiply
 One *Jacob* to two Bands,
 One Perſon to a Family,
 Which thro' thy Bleſſing ſtands.

B 3

On

On all my Flocks both great and small,
 Thy Sun doth sweetly shine;
 Thy fruitful Drops do gently fall
 On every Branch of mine.

(2.)

Thy Blessing made the Leaves to grow,
 And Multitudes were fed :
 My Houle is fill'd and feasted too ;
 It is an House of Bread.
 How can I hear my Children sing,
 And not sing unto thee ?
 Since they glad News from Heav'n do bring,
 My God must hear from me.

(3.)

Mine Olive-Branches and my Vine
 Thrive by my Table's Side,
 Whilst others wither and decline,
 Who in Death's Shade abide.
 With Cov'nant-Blood my Posts are red ;
 'Tis on my Lintel sound ;
 And, lo ! the Line of Scarlet-Thread
 Is on my Window bound.

(4.)

'Tis not, my God, myself alone,
 But mine to thee I owe :
 Thou mad'st me many out of one,
 So let thy Praises grow.
 Whatever, Lord, is done to thine,
 Thou count'st it done to thee :
 And whatsoever's done to mine,
 I count it done to me.

(5.)

(5.)

Let me be ever good to thine,
 Who art so good to me!
 Let thine be mine, and mine be thine,
 And they twice mine shall be:
 Then shall my House a Temple be;
 Then I and mine shall sing
Hosannahs to thy Majesty,
 And praise our Heavenly King.

IX. *A Song of Praise for good Success in
 Honest Affairs.*

(1.)

IS not the Hand of God in this?
 Is not this End divine?
 Lord of Success, Thee will I bless,
 Who on my Paths doth shine,
 I reap the Fruit of God Divine,
 By him it was foreseen:
 He thought of this as well as I,
 Or it had never been.

(2.)

I blindly guest; but he foreknew;
 I wish'd, he did command;
 Wherefore I praise his careful Eye,
 And his unerring Hand.
 The Bow is drawn by feeble Arms,
 Aim taken in the Dark;
 A providential Hand doth guide
 The Arrow to the Mark.

(3.)

Except the Lord the City keep,
 The Watchman will be slain;
 Except the Lord do build the House,
 The Builder builds in vain.
 Buildings are *Babels*, Cities Heaps,
 When thou send'st Curse or Flame:
 And labouring Heads that promise Fruit,
 Oft bring forth Wind and Shame.

(4.)

But thou hast crown'd my Actions, Lord,
 With good Success to-day;
 This Crown, together with myself,
 At thy blest Feet I lay.
 Lord, who art pleas'd to prosper me
 To bless me in my Ways;
 Prosper my weak endeavouring Heart,
 Which aimeth at thy Praise.

X. *A Song of Praise for the Morning.*

(1.)

MY God was with me all this Night,
 And gave me sweet Repose:
 My God did watch, even whilst I slept,
 Or I had never rose.
 How many groan'd and wish'd for sleep,
 Until they wish'd for Day;
 Meas'ring slow Hours with their quick Pains,
 Whilst I securely lay!

(2.)

(2.)

Whilst I did sleep all Dangers slept,
No Thieves did me affright;
Those Ev'ning Wolves, those Beasts of Prey,
Disturbers of the Night.

No raging Flames nor Storms did rend
The House that I was in;
I heard no dreadful Cries without,
No doleful Groans within.

(3.)

What Terrors have I scap'd this Night,
Which have on others fell!

My Body might have slept its last,
My Soul have wak'd in Hell.

Sweet Rest hath gain'd that Strength to me,
Which Labour did devour:

My Body was in Weakness sown,
But it is rais'd in Power.

(4.)

Lord for the Mercies of the Night,
My humble Thanks I pay:

And unto thee I dedicate
The First-fruits of the Day.

Let this Day praise thee, O my God,
And so let all my Days:

And, O let mine Eternal Day
Be thine Eternal Praise.

XI. *A Song of Praise for the Evening.*

(1.)

NOW from the Altar of my Heart
Let Incense-Flames arise:

Affist

Affist me, Lord, to offer up
 Mine Evening Sacrifice,
 Awake, my Love; awake, my Joy;
 Awake, my Heart and Tongue:
 Sleep not: when Mercies loudly call,
 Break forth into a Song.

(2.)

Man's Life's a Book of History,
 The Leaves thereof are Days;
 The Letters Mercies closely join'd,
 The Title is thy Praise.
 This Day God was my Sun and Shield,
 My Keeper and my Guide;
 His Care was on my Frailty shewn,
 His Mercies multiply'd.

(3.)

Minutes and Mercies multiply'd
 Have made up all this Day:
 Minutes came quick; but Mercies were
 More fleet and free than they.
 New Time, new Favour, and new Joys,
 Do a new Song require:
 Till I should praise Thee as I would,
 Accept my Heart's Desire.

(4.)

Lord of my Time, whose Hand hath set
 New Time upon my Score:
 Then shall I praise for all my Time,
 When Time shall be no more.

XII. *A Song of Praise for the Birth of Christ.*

(1.)

A Way dark Thoughts; awake, my Joy;
Awake, my Glory; sing;
Sing Songs to celebrate the Birth
Of *Jacob's* God and King.
O happy Night, that brought forth Light,
Which makes the Blind to see!
The Day-spring from on High came down
To cheer and visit Thee.

(2.)

The wakeful Shepherds, near their Flocks
Were watchful for the Morn;
But better News from Heav'n was brought,
Your Saviour Christ is born.
In *Bethlem-Town* the Infant lies,
Within a Place obscure.
O little *Bethlem*, poor in Walls,
But rich in Furniture!

(3.)

Since Heaven is now come down to Earth,
Hither the Angels fly!
Hark, how the Heavenly Choir doth sing
Glory to God on High!
The News is spread, the Church is glad,
Simeon o'ercome with Joy,
Sings with the Infant in his Arms,
Now let thy Servant die.

(4.)

(4.)

Wise Men from far beheld the Star,
 Which was their faithful Guide,
 Until it pointed forth the Babe,
 And him they glorify'd.
 Do Heaven and Earth rejoice and sing,
 Shall we our Christ deny?
 He's born for us, and we for him:
Glory to God on High.

XIII. *A Song of Praise for Christ.*

(1.)

I'VE found the Pearl of greatest Price,
 My Heart doth sing for Joy:
 And sing I must, a Christ I have;
 O what a Christ have I?
 Christ is the Way, the Truth and Life,
 The Way to God and Glory;
 Life to the Dead, the Truth of Types,
 The Truth of Ancient Story.

(2.)

Christ is a Prophet, Priest and King;
 A Prophet full of Light:
 A Priest that stands 'twixt God and Man,
 A King that rules with Might.
 Christ's Manhood is a Temple, where
 The Altar God doth rest:
 My Christ, he is the Sacrifice;
 My Christ, he is the Priest.

(3.)

My Christ he is the Lord of Lords,
 (He is the King of Kings;

He

He is the Sun of Righteousness
With Healing in his Wings.
My Christ, he is the Tree of Life
Which in God's Garden grows;
Whose Fruit does feed, whose Leaves do heal;
My Christ is *Sharon's Rose*.

(4.)

Christ is my Meat, Christ is my Drink,
My Physick and my Health;
My Peace, my Strength, my Joy, my Crown,
My Glory and my Wealth.
Christ is my Father and my Friend,
My Brother and my Love:
My Head, my Hope, my Counsellor,
My Advocate above.

(5.)

My Christ, he is the Heaven of Heavens,
My Christ what shall I call,
My Christ is First, my Christ is Last,
My Christ is All in All.

XIV. *A Song of Praise for Redemption.*

(1.)

O That I had an Angel's Tongue,
That I might loudly sing
The Wonders of Redeeming Love
To Thee, my God and King!
But Man, who at the Gates of Hell
Did pale and speechless lie,
Must find a Tongue and Time to speak,
Or else the Stones will cry.

(2.)

(2.)

Let the Redeemed of the Lord

Their thankful Voices raise :

Can we be dumb whilst Angels sing

Our great Redeemer's Praise!

Come let us join with Angels then,

*Glory to God on High;**Peace upon Earth, Good Will to Men,*

Amen, Amen, say I.

(3.)

Poor *Adam's* Race was Satan's Prey,

And Dust the Serpent's Food;

We that were doom'd to be devour'd,

Naked and trembling stood.

A wise eternal Pity then

Did helpless Men befriend;

Our Help did in God's Bosom lie,

And thence he did ascend.

(4.)

Love cloathed with Humility,

Built here an House of Clay,

In which it dwelt, and rescu'd Man;

The Devil lost his Prey.

The spiteful Serpent bruise'd Christ's Heel;

But then Christ brake his Head,

And left him nail'd upon the Cross

On which his Blood was shed.

(5.)

Sing and triumph in boundless Grace,

Which thus has set thee free;

Extol with Shouts, my saved Soul,

Thy Saviour's Love to thee.

Give

Give endless Thanks to God, and say,
What Love was this in Thee,
That thou hast not withheld thy Son,
Thine only Son from me!

(6.)

What were ten Thousand Worlds to him,
Thine Image and Delight !
Had we been all cast down to Hell,
Justice had had its Right ;
Thy Glory might have been restrain'd,
Our Torment should express
Thy Pureness, Justice, Might, and Truth,
And Everlastingness.

(7.)

Thus, Lord, thy dreadful Attributes
Man might have serv'd to prove ;
Thy glorious Angels would have sung
The Riches of thy Love.
Would'st thou have active Worshippers
Besides the Angels Choir ?
Millions had issue'd at thy Word,
As Sparks arise from Fire.

(8.)

Man's Room had quickly been supply'd
For, Lord, at thy Command,
A new Creation should appear ;
Thy Grace would make them stand.
Or, would'st thou shew thy Pity, Lord ?
Thou might'st have looked then
On fallen Angels, fallen Stars,
And not on fallen Men.

(9.)

(9.)

But fallen Angels must be left,
 And fallen Men must rise :
 For this the Son of God must fall
 A bloody Sacrifice.
 Thy deep and glorious Counsels, Lord,
 With Trembling I adore :
 Blessed, thrice blessed be my God,
 Blessed for evermore.

XV. *A Song of Praise for the Gospel.*

(1.)

BLeft be my God that I was born
 To hear the joyful Sound ;
 That I was born to be baptiz'd,
 And bred on Holy Ground :
 That I was bred where God appears,
 In Tokens of his Grace :
 The Lines are fallen unto me
 In a most pleasant Place.

(2.)

I might have been a Pagan bred,
 Or else a veiled Jew,
 Or cheated with an *Alcoran*
 Among the *Turkish* Crew.
 Dumb Pictures might have been my Books,
 Dark Language my Devotion ;
 And so I might with blinded Eyes
 Have drank a deadly Potion.

(3.)

So in a Dungeon dark as Night,
 I might have spent my Days:

But

But thou hast sent me Gospel Light,
 To thine Eternal Praise.
 The Sun which rose up in the East,
 And drove their Shades away,
 His healing Wings have reach'd the West,
 And turn'd our Night to Day.

(4.)

England at first an *Egypt* was ;
 Since that, proud *Babel's* Slave ;
 At last a *Canaan* it became,
 And then my Birth it gave.
 Blest be my God, that I have slept
 The dismal Night away,
 Being kept in Providence's Womb,
 To *England's* brightest Day.

(5.)

Blest be my God for what I see,
 My God for what I hear :
 I hear such blessed News from Heaven,
 Nor Earth nor Hell I fear.
 I hear, my Lord for me was born,
 My Lord for me did die ;
 My Lord for me did rise again,
 And did ascend on High.

(6.)

On High he stands to plead my Cause,
 And will return again,
 And set me on a glorious Throne,
 That I with him may reign.
Glory to God the Father be,
Glory to God the Son.
Glory to God the Holy Ghost,
Glory to God alone.

XVI. *A Song of Praise for a Gospel-
Ministry.*

(1.)

FAir are the Feet which bring the News
Of Gladness unto me :
What happy Messengers are these
Which my bless'd Eyes do see !
These are the Stars which God appoints
For Guides unto my Way,
To lead me unto *Bethlem-Town*,
Where my dear Saviour lay.

(2.)

These are my God's Ambassadors,
By whom his Mind I know ;
God's Angels in his lower Heav'n,
God's Trumpeters below.
The Trumpet sounds, the Dead arise,
Which fell by *Adam's* Hand.
Again the Trumpet sounds, and they
Set forth for *Canaan's* Land.

(3.)

Thy Servants speak ; but thou, Lord, doth
An hearing Ear bestow :
They smite the Rock ; but thou, my God,
Dost make the Waters flow :
They shoot the Arrow ; but thy Hand
Doth drive the Arrow home :
They call ; but, Lord, thou dost compel,
And then thy Guests are come.

(4.)

(4.)

Angels that fly, and Worms that creep,
Are both alike to thee ;
If thou mak'st Worms thine Angels, Lord,
They bring my God to me.
As Sons of Thunder, first they come,
And I the Lightning fear ;
But then they bring me to my Home,
And Sons of Comfort are.

(3.)

Lord, thou art in them of a Truth,
That I might never stray ;
The Clouds and Pillars march before,
And shew me *Canaan's* Way :
I bless my God, who is my Guide ;
I sing in *Sion's* Ways :
When shall I sing on *Sion's* Hill
Thine everlasting Praise ?
XVII. *A Song of Praise for Holy Baptism.*

(1.)

Lord, what is Man, that Lump of Sin,
Made up of Earth and Hell ;
Not fit to come within the Camp
Where Holy Angels dwell ?
Man is a Leper from the Womb,
An *Ethiopian* born ;
A Traytor's guilty Son and Heir,
Worthy of Pain and Scorn.

(2.)

And dost thou look on such a one ?
Are not thine Eyes most pure ?

But they are Eyes of Pity too,
 Where Griefs do beg a Cure.
 This Leper is a loathsome Sight;
 But Pity casts an Eye,
 And bids him wash in *Jordan's* Streams
 To cure his Leprosy.

(3.)

The *Ethiopian's* Skin is chang'd,
 And made as white as Snow,
 When dipt in wonder-working Streams,
 Which from Christ's Sides do flow.
 As *Adam* slept and from his Side
 A killing *Eve* arose;
 From my pierc'd Lord (that smitten Rock)
 A pure Life-Fountain flows.

(4.)

Ah! what a tainted Wretch is Man!
 And so he must have stood:
 But lo! an Act of Sov'reign Grace
 Restores him to his Blood.
 Save me, my God, for I am thine:
 Lord, own thy Seal to me:
 O wash my Soul 'till it be cleans'd,
 And purify'd for thee.

(5.)

Blest above Streams is *Jordan's* Flood,
 Which toucheth *Canaan's* Shore;
 I'll sing thy Praise in *Jordan's* Streams
 In *Canaan* evermore.

XVIII. *A Song of Praise for the Lord's Supper.*

(1.)

O Praise the Lord ! Praise him, praise him,
Sing Praises to his Name :
O, all ye Saints of Heaven and Earth,
Extol and laud the same.
Who spared not his only Son,
But gave him up for all ;
And made him drink the Cup of Wrath,
The Wormwood and the Gall.

(2.)

Frail Nature shrunk, and did request
That bitter Cup might pass :
But he must drink it off ; and this
The Father's Pleasure was.
Lo, then I come to do thy Will,
His blessed Son reply'd ;
Yielding himself to God and Man,
He stretch'd his Arms and dy'd.

(3.)

He dy'd indeed, but rose again,
And did ascend on High,
That we poor Sinners, lost and dead,
Might live eternally.
Good Lord ! How many Souls in Hell
Doth Vengeance vex and tear ?
Were it not for a dying Christ,
Our Dwelling had been there.

(4.)

His Blood was shed instead of ours,
His Soul our Hell did bear ;

He took our Sin, gave us himself:

What an Exchange is here!

Whatever is not Hell itself,

For us it is too good:

But must we eat the Flesh of Christ?

And must we drink his Blood?

(5.)

His Flesh is Heavenly Food indeed,

His Blood is Drink divine;

His Graces drop, like Honey falls,

His Comforts taste like Wine.

Sweet Christ! Thou hast refresh'd our Souls

With thine abundant Grace;

For which we magnify thy Name,

Longing to see thy Face.

(6.)

When shall our Souls mount up to Thee,

Most holy, just and true;

To eat that Bread, and drink that Wine,

Which is for ever new?

XIX. *A Song of Praise for the Lord's Day.*

(1.)

MY Lord, my Love was crucify'd,

He all the Pains did bear;

But in the Sweetness of his Rest

He makes his Servants share.

How sweetly rest thy Saints above,

Which in thy Bosom lie!

The Church below doth rest in Hope?

Of that Felicity.

(2.)

to Almighty GOD.

31

(2.)

Thou, Lord, who daily feed'st thy Sheep,
Mak'st them a weekly Feast :
Thy Flocks meet in their several Folds,
Upon this Day of Rest.
Welcome and dear unto my Soul
Are these sweet Feasts of Love ;
But what a Sabbath shall I keep
When I shall rest above !

(3.)

I bless thy wife and wondrous Love,
Which binds us to be free ;
Which makes us leave our earthly Snares,
That we may come to thee.
I come, I wait, I hear, I pray :
Thy Footsteps, Lord, I trace :
I sing to think this is the Way
Unto my Saviour's Face.

(4.)

These are my Preparation Days ;
And when my Soul is drest,
These Sabbaths shall deliver me,
To mine eternal Rest.

XX. *Another.*

(1.)

Blest Day of God, most calm, most bright,
The first and best of Days :
The Lab'rer's Rest, the Saints Delight,
A Day of Mirth and Praise :
My Saviour's Face did make thee shine,
His Rising did thee raise :

C 4

This

This made thee Heavenly and Divine
Beyond the common Days.

(2.)

The First-Fruits do a Blessing prove
To all the Sheaves behind ;
And they that do a Sabbath love,
An happy Week shall find :
My Lord on thee his Name did fix,
Which makes thee Rich and Gay ;
Amidst his Golden Candlesticks
My Saviour walks this Day.

(3.)

He walks in's Robes, his Face shines bright,
The Stars are in his Hand ;
Out of his Mouth, that Place of Might,
A two-edg'd Sword doth stand.
Grac'd with our Lord's Appearance thus,
As well as with his Name,
Thou may'st demand Respect from us
Upon a double Claim.

(4.)

This Day God doth his Vessels broach,
His Conduits run with Wine :
He that loves not this Day's Approach,
Scorns Heaven, and Saviour's shine.
What Slaves are those who Slav'ry chuse,
And Garlick for their Feast ;
Whilst Milk and Honey they refuse,
And the Almighty's Rest ?

(5.)

This Market-Day doth Saints enrich,
And smiles upon them all ;

It

It is their *Pentecost*, on which
 The Holy Ghost doth fall.
 O Day of Wonders ! Mercies Pawn,
 The weary Soul's Recruit,
 The Christian's *Goshen*, Heaven's Dawn,
 The Bud of endless Fruit.

(6.)

Oh could I love as I have lov'd
 Thy Watches heretofore :
 As *England's* Glory thou hast prov'd ;
 May'st thou be so yet more.
 This Day must I for God appear ;
 For, Lord, the Day is thine :
 O let me spend it in thy Fear ;
 Then shall the Day be mine.

(7.)

Throughout the Day, cease Work and Play,
 That I to God may rest :
 Now let me talk with God, and walk
 With God, and I am blest.

XXI. *A Song of Praise for the Patience
 of GOD.*

(1.)

A Almighty God, how hast thou borne
 Wrongs not to be exprest ;
 Daring Rebellion, injur'd Love,
 Light quenched in my Breast !
 Man would be God, and down he fell,
 To teach him better Skill ;
 Yet he lifts up his bruised Bones
 Against his Maker still.

(2.)

(2.)

Lord, what a Monster is base Man,
Thus given to rebel !
O, that thou dost not cleave the Earth,
And send him quick to Hell.
His Sins for Wages loudly cry,
Justice, with dreadful Sound,
Cries too, Cut down this fruitless Tree,
Why cumpers it the Ground ?

(3.)

But God waves his Advantages
Of Right and Vengeance too ;
And by his single Patience
Doth daring Men outdo.
The Creature doth disdain his God,
By whom he is maintain'd :
Yet God maintains this Rebel-Worm,
By whom he is disdain'd.

(4.)

Fool, ask not where th' Almighty is,
All Glory to him give ;
Is not his Power fully prov'd
In suff'ring thee to live ?
Was he not God, he could not bear
Such Weights as on him lie ;
Weak Things are quickly set on fire,
And to their Weapons fly.

(5.)

Why should not Patience make me sing,
When Hell would make me roar ?
Lord, let thy Patience end in Love,
I'll sing for evermore.

XXII. *A Song of Praise for Pardon of Sin.*

(1.)

MY God a God of Pardon is,
His Bosom gives me Ease:
I have not, do not please my God;
Yet Mercy him doth please.
My Sins aloud for Vengeance call;
But lo! A Fountain springs
From Christ's pierc'd Side, which louder cries,
And speaketh better Things.

(2.)

My Sins have reach'd up to the Heav'ns;
But Mercy's Height exceeds:
God's Mercy is above the Heav'ns,
Above my sinful Deeds:
My Sins are many, like the Stars,
Or Sands upon the Shore:
But yet the Mercies of my God
Are infinitely more.

(3.)

My Sins in Bigness do arise
Like Mountains great and tall;
But Mercy, like a mighty Sea,
Covers these Mountains all.
This is the Sea that's bottomless,
A Sea without a Shore:
For where Sin hath abounded much,
Mercy abounds much more.

(4.)

Manasseh, Paul, and Magdalen
Were pardon'd all by thee:

I read it, and believed, Lord ;
 For thou hast pardon'd me.
 When God shall search the World for Sin,
 What Trembling will be there ?
 O Rocks and Mountains, cover us,
 Will be the Sinner's Prayer.

(5.)

But the Lamb's Wrath they need not fear,
 Who once have felt his Love :
 And they that walk with God below,
 Shall dwell with God above.
 Rage Earth and Hell ; come Life, come Death,
 Yet still my Song shall be,
 God was, and is, and will be good,
 And merciful to me.

XXIII. *A Song of Praise for Peace of
 Conscience.*

(1.)

MY God, my reconciled God,
 Creator of my Peace ;
 Thee will I love, and praise, and sing,
 Till Life and Breath shall cease.
 My Thoughts did rage, my Soul was tost,
 'Twas like a troubled Sea :
 But what a mighty Voice is this,
 Which Winds and Waves obey !

(2.)

God spake the Word, *Peace and be still* ;
 My Sins, those Mutineers,
 With Speed went off, and took their Flight ;
 Where now are all my Fears ? The

The World can neither give nor take,
Nor yet can understand
That Peace of God which Christ hath brought,
And gives me with his Hand.

(3.)

This is my Saviour's Legacy,
Confirm'd by his Decease:
Ye shall have Trouble in the World,
In me ye shall have Peace;
And so it is, the World doth rage,
But Peace in me doth reign:
And whilst my God maintains the Fort,
Their Batt'ries are in vain.

(4.)

The burning Bush was not consum'd,
Whilst God remained there:
The Three, when Christ did make the Fourth,
Found Fire as meek as Air.
So is my Mem'ry stuff'd with Sins
Enough to make an Hell;
And yet my Conscience is not scorch'd:
For God in me doth dwell.

(5.)

Where God doth dwell, sure Heaven is there,
And Singing there must be:
Since, Lord, thy Presence makes my Heaven,
Whom should I sing but thee?
My God, my reconciled God,
Creator of my Peace;
Thee will I love, and praise, and sing,
Till Life and Breath shall cease.

XXIV. *A Song of Praise for Joy in the Holy Ghost.*

(1.)

MY Soul doth magnify the Lord,
 My Spirit doth rejoice
 In God my Saviour, and my God;
 I hear his joyful Voice.
 I need not go abroad for Joy,
 Who have a Feast at Home;
 My Sighs are turned into Songs,
 The Comforter is come.

(2.)

Down from above the blessed Dove
 Is come into my Breast,
 To witness God's eternal Love;
 This is my Heavenly Feast.
 This makes me, *Abba, Father*, cry
 With Confidence of Soul;
 It makes me cry, my Lord, my God,
 And that without Controul.

(3.)

There is a Stream which issues forth
 From God's eternal Throne,
 And from the Lamb a living Stream,
 Clear as the crystal Stone!
 The Stream doth water Paradise,
 It makes the Angels sing:
 One Cordial Drop revives my Heart,
 Hence all my Joys do spring.

(4.)

Such Joys as are unspeakable,
 And full of Glory too;

Such

Such hidden *Manna*, hidden Pearls,
As Worldlings do not know.
Eye hath not seen, nor Ear hath heard,
From Fancy 'tis conceal'd,
What thou, Lord, hast laid up for thine,
And hath to me reveal'd.

(5.)

I see thy Face, I hear thy Voice,
I taste thy sweetest Love ;
My Soul doth leap : But, O for Wings,
The Wings of *Noah's Dove* !
Then should I flee far hence away,
Leaving this World of Sin :
Then should my Lord put forth his Hand,
And kindly take me in.

(6.)

Then should my Soul with Angels feast
On Joys that always last :
Blest be my God, the God of Joy,
Who gives me here a Taste.

XXV. *A Song of Praise for Grace.*

(1.)

O God of Grace, who hast restor'd
Thine Image unto me,
Which by my Sins was quite defac'd,
What shall I render thee !
Thine Image and Inscription, Lord,
Upon my Heart I bear :
Thine own I render unto thee,
O God, my God most dear.

(2.)

(2.)

My self I owe thee for my self,
 Whom thou didst make of Earth ;
 But thou hast made me o'er again,
 Thou gav'st a second Birth.
 Twice born, and twice endu'd with Life,
 I haste to come to thee,
 To pay my Vows, my Thanks, my Heart,
 With all Humility.

(3.)

O, was I born first from beneath ;
 And then born from above !
 Am I a Child of Man and God ?
 O rich and endless Love !
 When I had broke the Tables, Lord,
 New Tables thou didst hew ;
 And with thy Finger didst engrave
 Thy Laws on them anew.

(4.)

Earth is my Mother, Earth my Nurse,
 And Earth must be my Tomb :
 Yet God, the God of Heaven and Earth,
 My Father is become.
 Hell enter'd me, and into Hell
 I quickly should have run :
 But O ! Kind Heav'n laid hold on me ;
 Heav'n is in me begun.

(5.)

This Spark will rise into a Flame,
 This Seed into a Tree ;
 My Songs shall rise, my Praises shall
 Loud Hallelujahs be,

XXVI.

XXVI. *A Song of Praise for Answer of Prayer.*

(1.)
WHat are the Heav'ns, O God of Heav'n!
 Thou art more bright, more high:
 What are bright Stars, and brighter Saints,
 To thy bright Majesty!
 Thou'rt far above the Songs of Heaven,
 Sung by the Holy Ones;
 And dost thou stoop and bow thine Ear
 To a poor Sinner's Groans!

(2.)
 God minds the Language of my Heart,
 My Groans and Sighs he hears:
 He hath a Book for my Request,
 A Bottle for my Tears.

But did not my dear Saviour's Blood
 First wash away their Guilt;
 My Sighs would prove but empty Air,
 My Tears would all be spilt.

(3.)
 Lord, thine eternal Spirit was
 My Advocate within:
 But O, my Smoak join'd with thy Flame,
 My Pray'r was mixt with Sin.

But then Christ was my Altar, and
 My Advocate above;
 His Blood did clear my Pray'r, and gain'd
 An Answer full of Love.

(4.)
 It could not be that thou should'st hear
 A mortal sinful Worm;

D

But

But that my Prayers presented are
In a most glorious Form.

Christ's precious Hands took my Requests,
And turn'd my Dross to Gold;
His Blood put Warmth into my Pray'rs,
Which were by Nature cold.

(5.)

Thou heard'st my Groans for Jesus' Sake,
Whom thou dost hear always;
Lord, hear through that prevailing Name,
My Voice of Joy and Praise.

XXVII. *A Song of Praise for Deliverance
from Enemies.*

(1.)

(mand

Great God, who does the World com-
Thou check'st both Wind and Waves:
The Devils, which like Lions roar,
Are thine enchanted Slaves.

The Sons of Rage are smoking Brands,
And Idols fear'd in vain:
Thou, Lord, the only, only God,
Their Fury dost restrain.

(2.)

Thou, Lord, didst smoothe fierce *Esau's* Brow,
And change his murm'ring-Breath:
Thou gav'st to him a Brother's Heart,
Who vow'd his Brother's Death.
Angels have arm'd at thy Command,
And Stars have shot their Dart;
Nature hath fought, and Miracles
Have took thy Church's Part.

(3.)

(3.)

Thee, Lord, who still the Church doth love,
 All Creatures must obey :
 And when for thine thou dost arise,
 Their Enemies where are they ?
 I cry'd to Heaven in my Distress,
 I to my God did flee ;
 He with Compassion heard my Cry,
 He did arise for me.

(4.)

With humble Fear, and thankful Joy,
 Lord, at thy Feet I fall,
 Unfeignedly acknowledging,
 That Thou alone dost all.
 Thou art all Pow'r, thou art all Love,
 And so thou art to me :
 Blest be my God, now and henceforth,
 And to Eternity.

XXVIII. *A Song of Praise for Deliverance
 from Spiritual Troubles.*

(1.)

I That am drawn out of the Depth,
 Will sing upon the Shore :
 I that in Hell's dark Suburbs lay,
 Pure Mercy will adore.
 The Terrors of the Living God,
 My Soul did so affright ;
 I fear lest I should be condemn'd
 To an Eternal Night.

(2.)

Kind was the Pity of my Friends,
 But could not ease my Smart:

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Their

Their Words indeed, did reach my Case,
But could not reach my Heart.

Ah, then what was this World to me,
To whom God's Word was dark !
Who in my Dungeon could not see
One Beam or shining Spark.

(3.)

What then were all the Creatures Smiles,
When the Creator frown'd ?
My Days were Nights, my Life was Death,
My Being was my Wound.
Tortur'd and rack'd with Hellish Fears,
When God the Blow should give ;
Mine Eyes did fail, my Heart did sink,
Then Mercy bid me live.

(4.)

God's Furnace doth in *Sion* stand ;
But *Sion's* God sits by ;
As the Refiner views his Gold
With an observant Eye.
God's Thoughts are high, his Love is wise,
His Wounds a Cure intend :
And tho' he doth not always smile,
He loves unto the End.

(5.)

Thy Love is constant to its Line,
Tho' Clouds oft come between :
O, could my Faith but pierce these Clouds,
It might be always seen.
But I am weak, and forc'd to cry,
Take up my Soul to thee :
Then, as thou ever art the same,
So shall I ever be.

(6.)

(6.)

Then shall I ever, ever sing,
 Whilst thou dost ever shine :
 I have thine own dear Pledge for this ;
 Lord, thou art ever mine.

XXIX. *A Song of Praise for Deliverance from
 imminent Dangers of Death.*

(1.)

LORD of my Life, Length of my Days,
 Thy Hand hath rescu'd me ;
 Who lying at the Gates of Death
 Among the Dead was free.
 My dearest Friends I had resign'd
 Unto their Maker's Care :
 Methought I only Time had left
 For a concluding Prayer.

(2.)

Methought Death laid his Hands on me,
 And did his Pris'ner bind ;
 And by the Sound, methought I heard
 His Master's Feet behind,
 Methought I stood upon the Shore,
 And nothing could I see,
 But the vast Ocean, with my Eyes,
 A vast Eternity !

(3.)

Methought I heard the Midnight Cry,
 Behold the Bridegroom comes :
 Methought I was call'd to the Bar,
 Where Souls receive their Dooms.
 The World was at an End to me,
 As if it all did burn :

D 3

But

But lo! There came a Voice from Heav'n,
Which order'd my Return.

(4.)

Lord, I return'd at thy Command,
What wilt thou have me do?

O let me wholly live to Thee,
To whom my Life I owe!

Fain would I dedicate to Thee

The Remnant of my Days:

Lord, with my Life renew my Heart,
That both thy Name may praise.

XXX. *A Song of Praise for the Hope of
Glory.*

(1.)

I Sojourn in a Vale of Tears,
Alas, how can I sing!

My Harp doth on the Willows hang,
Dis-tun'd in every String.

My Musick is a Captive's Chains,
Harsh Sounds my Ear doth fill;

How shall I sing sweet *Sion's* Song
On this side *Sion's* Hill?

(2.)

Yet lo! I hear a joyful Sound.

Surely I quickly come;

Each Word much Sweetness doth distill,

Like a full Honey-comb.

And dost thou come, my dearest Lord?

And dost thou surely come?

And dost thou surely quickly come?

Methinks I am at home.

(3.)

(3.)
Come then, my dearest, dearest Lord,
My sweetest, surest Friend ;
Come; for I loath these *Kedar* Tents,
The fiery Chariots send.
What have I here? My Thoughts and Joys
Are all pack'd up and gone ;
My eager Soul would follow them
To thine Eternal Throne.

(4.)
What have I in this barren Land?
My Jesus is not here ;
Mine Eyes will ne'er be blest, until
My Jesus doth appear.
My Jesus is gone up to Heaven
To get a Place for me:
For 'tis his Will that where he is,
There should his Servants be.

(5.)
Canaan I view from *Pisgab's* Top,
Of *Canaan's* Grapes I taste ;
My Lord, who sends unto me here,
Will send for me at last.
I have a God that changeth not,
Why should I be perplex?
My God that owns me in this World,
Will own me in the next.

(6.)
Go fearless then, my Soul, with God
Into another Room :
Thou, who hath walked with him here,
Go see thy God at Home.

View Death with a believing Eye,
 It hath an Angel's Face :
 And this kind Angel will prefer
 Thee to an Angel's Place.

(7.)

The Grave is but a Fining-Pot
 Unto believing Eyes :
 For there the Flesh shall lose its Dross,
 And like the Sun shall rise.

The World which I have known too well,
 Hath mock'd me with its Lyes :
 How gladly could I leave behind
 Its vexing Vanities!

(8.)

My dearest Friends they dwell above,
 Them will I go to see ;
 And all my Friends in Christ below,
 Will soon come after me.

Fear not the Trump's Earth-rending Sound ;
 Dread not the Day of Doom :
 For he that is to be thy Judge,
 Thy Saviour is become.

(9.)

Blest be my God that gives me Light,
 Who in the Dark did grope :
 Blest be my God, the God of Love,
 Who causeth me to hope.

Here's the Word's Signet, Comfort's Staff,
 And here is Grace's Chain :
 By these thy Pledges, Lord, I know,
 My Hopes are not in vain.

XXXI. *A Song of Praise collected out of the Book of Psalms.*

(1.)

(him;

PSAL. **O** Praise the Lord, Praise him, Praise
135. 1. Praise him with one Accord;
Praise him, Praise him, all ye that be
The Servants of the Lord.

47. 6. Sing Praises to our God; sing Praise,
Sing Praises to our King:
Praise to the King of all the Earth,
With Understanding sing.

(2.)

103. 1. My Soul give Laud unto the Lord;
My Spirit shall do the same;
And all the Secrets of my Heart,
Praise ye his Holy Name.

95. 6. Come, let us bow, and praise the Lord,
Before him let us fall,
And kneel to him with one Accord,
For he hath made us all.

(3.)

7. He is the Lord, he is our God,
For us he doth provide:
We are his Flock, he doth us feed;
His Sheep, he doth us guide.

118. 21. I will give Thanks unto the Lord,
Because he hath heard me,
And is become most lovingly
A Saviour unto me.

(4.)

13. The Lord is my Defence and Strength,
My Joy, my Mirth, my Song; He

He is become for me indeed,
A Saviour most strong.

28. Thou art my God, I will confess,
And render Thanks to thee:
Thou art my God, and I will praise
Thy Mercy towards me.

(5.)

29. O give ye Thanks unto the Lord !
For gracious is he;
Because his Mercy doth endure
For ever towards me.

XXXII. *Another.*

(1.)

PSAL. **T**O render Thanks unto the Lord,
26. 6. How great a Cause have I !
My Voice, my Prayer, and my Complaint,
That heard so willingly ? (stay'd,
59. 17. Thou art my Strength, thou hast me
O Lord, I sing to thee:
Thou art my Fort, my Fence and Aid,
A loving God to me.

(2.)

73. 25. What Thing is there that I can wish,
But Thee, in Heaven above ?
And in the Earth there is nothing
Like Thee that I can love.
36. 9. For why ? The Well of Life so pure,
Doth ever flow from Thee :
And in thy Light we are full sure
The lasting Light to see.

(3.)

(3.)

27. 15. My Heart would faint, but that in thee
This Hope is fixed fast;
The Lord God's good Grace shall I see
In Life that ay shall last.

48. 13. For this God is our God; our God
For evermore is he:
This God of ours, even unto Death
Our faithful Guide will be.

(4.)

17. 17. When I awake, I shall behold
In Righteousness thy Face;
And I shall be most like to thee,
Even filled with thy Grace.

16. 11. Full Joys are in thy Presence, Lord,
(A sweet and precious Store)
My God, at thy Right-hand there are
Pleasures for evermore.

(5.)

103. 21. Ye Angels which are great in Power,
Praise ye and bless the Lord;
Which to obey and do his Will,
Immediately accord.

22. Ye all his Works in every Place
Praise ye his Holy Name:
My Heart, my Mind, and all my Soul,
For ever praise the same.

XXXIII. *A Song of Praise collected from the
Doxologies in the Revelation of St. John.*

(1.)

Rev. **T**O Him that lov'd us from Himself,
115. And dy'd to do us good, And

And wash'd us from our Scarlet Sins,
In his own purest Blood.

6. And made us Kings and Priests to God,
His Father infinite;
To him eternal Glory be,
And everlasting Might.

(2.)

5. 12. The Lamb is worthy that was slain,
To have all Power and Wealth:
All Honour, Glory, Wisdom, Strength,
Thanks for his saving Health.

13. Thanks, Honour, Glory, Power to him
That on the Throne doth sit,
And to the Lamb for ever, and
For ever; so be it.

(3.)

7. 9. Thousands of Thousands of the Saints
Which stand before the King
With shining Robes, and spreading Palms,
Loud *Hallelujahs* sing.)

10. Ascribe Salvation to our God
Who sits upon the Throne;
And to the Lamb, the glorious Lamb,
Ascribe Salvation.

(4.)

11. 12. *Amen, Amen*, the Angels cry,
Salvation is his due;
And he through all Eternity
His Praises will renew.
Thanks, Glory, Blessing, Wisdom, Might,
Honour and Power, then
Be to our God for evermore,
For evermore. *Amen*

Peni-

Penitential Cries.

I. *The Sinner's Self-Reflection.*

I.

AH Lord, ah Lord, what have I done?

What will become of me?

What shall I say, what shall I do?

Or whither shall I flee?

By wand'ring I have lost myself,

And here I make my moan:

O whither, whither have I stray'd!

Ah, Lord, what have I done?

II.

Thy Candle searches all my Rooms,

And now I plainly see,

The numerous Sins of Earth and Hell

Are sum'd up in me.

The Seeds of all the Ills that grow,

Are in my Garden sown,

And Multitudes of them are sprung;

Ah, Lord, what have I done!

III.

I have been Satan's willing Slave,

And his most easy Prey:

He

He was not readier to command,
Than I was to obey :

Or, if at times he left my Soul,
Yet still his Work went on ;
I was a Tempter to my self ;
Ah, Lord, what have I done !

IV.

I puffed at all the Threats of Heaven,
And slighted all its Charms :
Nor Satan's Fetters would I leave
For Christ's inviting Arms.

I had a Soul, but priz'd it not ;
And now my Soul is gone.
My forced Cries do pierce the Skies,
Ah, Lord, what have I done !

II. *The Sinner's Remorse, as the 25th Psalm.*

I.

LORD, thou hast overcome,
I've got my deadly Wound,
And he that kicks against the Pricks,
Will soon himself confound :
My Sins, those venomous Darts,
Which Heavenwards I did throw,
Are now my Rack, being driven back
By mine Almighty Foe.

II.

My Sins have found me out,
And at my Door they lie ;
And there they stay both Night and Day,
And there I hear them cry.
In vain my Friends attempt
To cure my Miseries,

What

What they propound to me, is drown'd
In Sin's loud roaring Cries.

III.

In vain are all the Tears
Of them that stand without :
My Dart's within, it is my Sin,
They cannot pull it out.
My Heart is all one Wound,
My Breath repeateth Sighs;
My Bread is Tears, my Life is Fears,
My Language, Groans and Cries.

IV.

What are Heav'ns Lights to him
Who in the Dungeon lies ?
Not one thin Ray, or Piece of Day
Does chear my clouded Eyes :
Sin's Match enkindles Hell,
Sin makes the Damned roar ;
This I have heard without Regard ;
But never knew before.

III. *The Sinner's Fears.*

I.

A Las ! For I have seen the Lord,
With a drawn Sword he stood ;
Now might he sheath it in my Flesh,
And bathe it in my Blood :
I've dar'd him with my mighty Sins,
As if he was too slow ;
But now he comes both arm'd and girt,
As an intruded Foe.

II.

II.

What shall a guilty Sinner do,
 When Justice does appear?
 O whither shall I flee from him,
 Whose Place is every where;
 As I can neither stand nor fly;
 So neither can I bear
 The mighty Hand which grinds the Rocks,
 And doth Foundations tear.

III.

My pale, my poor, my trembling Soul
 Does start at every Thing,
 It hourly fears huge Hosts of Wrath
 From this incensed King:
 Should he but his Commissions grant,
 All Creatures would engage
 Against me as their common Foe,
 With an united Rage.

IV.

I have such Monsters in my Soul,
 As do portend and tell,
 As Devils here with me have dwelt,
 So I with them must dwell:
 They have my wretched Soul possess'd,
 They hold it in their Chains;
 I fear, lest they should drag it down
 To suffer endless Pains.

V.

My Fears are just; I've deserv'd Hell,
 And 'tis my proper Hire;
 But who can dwell, O who can dwell
 With everlasting Fire?

IV. The Sinner's Shame and Confusion.

I.

SO foolish, so absurd am I,
That nothing can be more;
Was ever such a Monster seen
Upon the Earth before?
I dare not look upon the Earth,
The Witnels of my Sin;
My Conscience is a Doomsday Book:
I dare not look within.

II.

Upwards I durst not cast mine Eyes;
For there my Judge doth sit:
Nor downwards, whence the Smoak does rise
From the infernal Pit:
How shall I answer at the Bar
Of him who is most pure?
I cannot answer for my self;
My self I can't endure.

III.

And as my self I can't endure,
My self I cannot fly;
Thus Fools do sell themselves for Slaves,
And what a Slave am I?
My Heart the Seat of Folly is,
My Life a Life of Sin;
Surely, I am more brutish far,
Than ever Brute hath been.

IV.

Is this my Wit, is this my Way,
To make a glorious Name?

E

Is

Is this the Thanks I've paid to Heaven:

Ah, what a Beast I am !

The Crown is fallen from my Head,

My royal Robes are gone ;

Confusion is my only Cloak,

And I must put it on.

V.

And whilst I blush, and whilst I bleed,

Here will I sit alone ;

And here I'll lead the Leper's Life,

And make my doleful Moan.

I am not worthy of the Earth,

Nor worthy of the Air,

Nor worthy of the watery Drop,

But of the Damned's Fare.

VI.

O, how it kills my Heart to think

Upon my foolish Ways!

Yet this I'll bear, and bless the Lord,

Because Damnation stays.

V. *The Sinner's Amazement; as the 25th Psalm.*

I.

I Read that Sins are Clouds,

When Vengeance Storms have fell ;

But this is that I wonder at,

That I am out of Hell.

Sure there are thole in Hell,

Who never have deserv'd

In Hell to lie, so much as I,

And yet I am preserv'd.

II.

II.

My Sins have proudly scorn'd.
 My Sins have boldly dar'd
 The God of Might, with much Despight,
 And yet my Soul is spar'd.
 The best and goodliest Things
 Which did this World adorn,
 By Sin are raz'd, and quite defac'd,
 Yet still I am forborn.

III.

At our first Parents Breach,
 Pale Death came rushing in;
 The Angels fell from Heav'n to Hell,
 Press'd with the Weight of Sin.
 The *Sodomites* Cry prevail'd,
 Hell could no longer stay;
 But lo! There came a sulph'rous Flame,
 And met them by the Way.

IV.

When *Corah* did rebell,
 Earth would not be his Slave
 To bear his Weight; but open'd straight,
 And was his willing Grave:
 When *Israel* did corrupt
 The Air with murmuring Breath,
 It did rebound and gave a Wound,
 And that was present Death.

V.

The whole Creation groans,
 Sin's Wrecks the World do fill;
 It empties Rooms to furnish Tombs,
 Yet I am living still:

On the Lord's Hand I live,
 And cannot but admire
 He does not shake so vile a Snake
 Into Eternal Fire.

VI.

That Miracles are ceas'd,
 Some confidently tell;
 But I do know, it is not so
 Whilst I am out of Hell.

VI. *The Sinner's Hope.*

I.

WHO knows but such an one as I,
 May Grace and Mercy find?

I hear, the God of *Israel*

Is merciful and kind:

Had he been pleas'd to torture me

With everlasting Bands,

He might have done it long ago,

Who had me in his Hands.

II.

I do not hear the Trumpet sound

To call me to his Bar;

The Proofs and Patterns of his Grace

Forbid me to despair.

Despair is such a Sin of Sins

It cannot be forgiv'n;

Whilst other Sins Hell's Ways do pave,

This bars the Gates of Heav'n.

III.

Cease then thy Murmuring, O my Soul,

And silently attend

To

To th' sounding Bowels of a Chrif, t,
Who is the Sinner's Friend :
He does not fay, Depart from me
Into Eternal Fire ;
But, Come into my open Breaf, t
Where weary Souls retire.

IV.

The trembling Wretch who touch'd his Hem,
But fear'd an heavy Doom,
Receiv'd a Cure, and Bleffing too,
And went rejoicing home :
The Prodigal deferv'd and far'd
Worfe than the Swine he fed ;
But found a mirthful Feaf, t at home,
Who only look'd for Bread.

V.

Heav'n look'd upon the *Publican*,
Who was bow'd down to Shame ;
Mercy he call'd, which foon appear'd,
And answer'd to its Name.
My Sins are mighty Sins indeed,
But I have underflood,
Great Sins are Foils which do inhance
The Price of faving Blood.

VI.

My Soul has many ghaf, tly Wounds,
Yet will not I defpair,
Whilft there is Balm in *Gilead*,
And a Phyfician there :
That I might march to *Canaan's* Land,
The Silver Trumpet founds ;
My Day ftill fhines, my Tent is fix'd
Within Salvation's Bounds.

VII.

The Door is shut, but is not barr'd;
 And he that is within,
 Does bid me ask, and seek, and knock,
 And strive to enter in!
 Here then I'll ask, and seek, and knock,
 Until the Door be ope;
 Nor will I stir a Foot from hence;
 It is a Door of Hope.

VII. *The Sinner's Confession.*

WHO, who can number all the Stars,
 Number the Sands upon the Shore!
 Then may'st thou count the numerous Hosts
 That throng my Way to Mercy's Door.

Manasseh's Sins were white to mine,
 Mine bear the deepest Crimson Dye;
 Sure never any so provok'd
 So sweet, so kind a God, as I.

How is it, Lord, thou dost so long
 Such Guiltiness as this forbear,
 When almost every Thought's a Sin?
 My very Breath pollutes the Air.

Sinners may for a Time rejoice,
 'Till threat'ned Storms of Wrath arise;
 But challeng'd Justice will awake
 Its Sword, and then the Sinner dies.

What Fools are they that entertain
 With Scorn the Sounds of Gospel-Grace?

Sor-

Sorrow and Sin walk in a Chain,
Although they keep not equal Pace.

Approaching Sin is deckt with Charms,
And smiles in Promises of Gain;
No sooner past, our Joys are lost,
All such Delights shut up in Pain.

VIII. *Another.*

I.

WHO, who can number all the Stars,
Or Sands upon the Shore!
Thy Sins, thy Sins are Multitudes,
My Soul, thy Sins are more.
Alas! I cannot bear the Sight,
They do like Clouds arise;
The Sword of Justice will awake;
For they have reach'd the Skies.

II.

Most stubbornly I have rebell'd,
And broke thy Law, O God!
How just is it that such a Wretch
Should feel thy flaming Rod?
I bleed, to think, how I did flight
Thy Message from above:
How I despis'd thy Blood, O Christ,
And thy redeeming Love!

III.

How oft I did repeat my Sin,
And ran upon the Score;
Tho' Conscience loudly did dissuade,
And bade me sin no more!

How is it, Lord, thou dost so long
 This wretched Soul forbear,
 When almost every Thought's a Sin?
 My Breath pollutes thy Air.

IV.

Manasseh's Sins were white to mine,
 Mine bear a Crimson Dye:
 Sure never any so provok'd
 The Lord of Hosts as I.
 Ah, how much viler than the Earth,
 By Sin am I become:
 A Sinner of polluted Birth,
 A Sinner in the Womb.

V.

Lord, whither, whither must I range
 To count up my Transgressions!
 Give me thy Pardon in Exchange;
 Accept of my Confessions.

IX. *The Sinner's Retreat.*

I.

Farewell, vain World, I bid adieu,
 That canst not fill, but cloy;
 Thy Throne, O God, does send forth new
 And more refined Joy:
 Mere Vanity does Man pursue
 With Eagerness and Heat;
 The bravest Things the World can shew,
 Are all a perfect Cheat.

II.

Who gain the Riches of the Earth,
 Gain but a finer Dross, Who

Who gains a World and lose a Soul,
Sustains the greatest Loss:
The Blast of Honour sounds aloud,
Yet that's but empty Air,
Which quickly passes thro' the Clouds,
And does no more appear.

III.

My Soul, there's nothing here that can
True Blessedness afford;
Ye painted Shadows, get you gone,
Ye hold me from my Lord;
He's blest'd indeed, that loveth God,
Whose undefiled Mind
Can scorn such mean, ignoble Joys,
He better Joys shall find.

IV.

O happy they who only love
Their God, and him admire;
That I may taste those Joys that last,
I'll from the World retire:
I'll make it my Ambition now
To be belov'd of God,
And under his delightful Shade
Will settle mine Abode.

X. *The Sinner's Resolves.*

I.

THIS empty World has now too long
Deceived me with Lyes;
I am resolved to be gone;
Deluded Soul, arise.

Go

Go fly to Christ without Delay,
Engage him for thy Friend;
Such Men are blessed in their Way,
And blessed in their End.

II.

What have I more to do with Sin?
Ye flattering Sweets, begone;
The Time and Place 'twas acted in
Are sad to think upon.
My vain Companions I'll forsake,
Them from their Ways withdraw;
I'll read a Lecture that shall make
Those frozen Hearts to thaw.

III.

My Sins will I no more repeat,
Nor finish that begun;
My Summons to the Judgment-Seat
May come before it's done:
I will not with my Finger once
Touch my beloved Sin;
Who knows its Latter-End? You know
But where it did begin.

IV.

The Snares of Satan lie so low,
And are so smoothly plac'd,
I'll softly tread where-e'er I go,
And never act in haste:
The Word and Spirit I'll obey,
And think if God say so
It is enough; I'll never stay
To see what others do.

V.

I'll dedicate myself to God,
And his alone will be ;
I triumph I am in the Road
To true Felicity.
Lord, all is spread before thy Face
My Soul resolves upon ;
My Soul commits it to thy Grace,
O leave it not alone !

XI. *The Sinner's Cry for Pardon.*

I.

MY God he is the God of Grace,
Who Pardons has in store ;
Whole boundless Treasures have enrich'd
Whom Sins has first made poor.
'Tis Mercy's Glory to forgive,
And not in Wrath destroy ;
This adds fresh Comfort to the Saints,
New Triumphs to their Joys.

II.

This will encourage Souls to seek
To the Redeemer's Face,
When the *Manassehs* of our Day,
And *Magdalens* find Grace :
My Sins are Mountains ; tho' they be,
These Mountains cannot stand ;
What are those Mountains to my Christ ?
They fly at thy Command.

III.

Tho' they are high and numberless,
I'm in Salvation's Road ; They

They cannot pose the Blood of Christ,
Which is the Blood of God.
Where Sin abounds, his Records say
Grace has abounded more;
This has, and shall be still my Plea,
Whilst thou hast Grace in store.

XII. *Another.*

I.

Great God, thou art a God of Grace,
Who Pardons hath in store;
O do not turn away thy Face
From me, tho' I am poor.
I do deserve the hottest Plagues
Of an incensed God;
To drink the Vials of his Wrath,
To feel the Damned's Rod.

II.

But turn away thy Wrath from me
Now turning at thy Call;
O why shouldst thou exalt thyself
In thy poor Creature's Fall?
I might be cast into thy Jail,
There lie for evermore;
But, Lord, thy Patience did give Bail,
Thy Christ did pay the Score.

III.

Mercy, good Lord, Mercy I ask,
This is the total Sum:
For Mercy, Lord, is all my Suit,
Lord, let thy Mercy come.

Lord,

Lord, if thou wilt my Sins forgive,
Wilt not in Wrath destroy,
'Twill add new Comforts to thy Saints,
Fresh Triumphs to their Joy.

IV.

This will encourage Sinners, Lord,
To turn and seek thy Face,
When they shall hear the worst of them
Has now obtain'd thy Grace:
My Sins are Mountains, tho' they be,
These Mountains cannot stand;
What are those Mountains to my Christ?
They fly at thy Command.

V.

My Sins indeed are numberless;
Are not thy Mercies so?
This did thy pardon'd Ones profess,
They bade me to thee go.
Tho' they be numerous and great,
I'm in Salvation's Road;
They cannot pass the Blood of Christ,
Which is the Blood of God.

VI.

Where Sin abounds, thy Word does say,
Grace has abounded more;
This is, and shall be still my Plea,
Whilst thou hast Grace in store;
Mercy, good Lord, Mercy I ask,
This is the total Sum:
For Mercy, Lord, is all my Suit;
Lord, let thy Mercy come.

XIII. The Sinner's Address to Christ.

I.

WHere lies a Sin I'll drop a Tear;
 But Views of saving Blood
 Can only calm the Tempest here,
 And do my Conscience good:
 'Tis thou alone, my Lord, can'st give
 This aching Heart Relief;
 Christ's gentle Voice would make it live,
 His Hand wipe off my Grief.

II.

Those falsely call'd the Sweets of Sin,
 Are bitter unto me;
 I loath the State that I am in,
 And long to come to Thee:
 But Oh! Wilt thou receive him now,
 That's coming to thy Door?
 For I can bring no Dow'ry, Lord,
 I come extremely poor.

III.

What if my Tears could make a Flood!
 My Righteousness is Dross;
 These Tears need washing in thy Blood,
 Tho' wept upon thy Cross.
 I have an Argument to plead,
 Which thou canst not deny;
 Thy Grace is free, and thou dost give
 To Sinners such as I.

IV.

Thou dost invite all wand'ring Souls,
 And I am one of those; With

With thee the Sick do find a Cure,

The Weary find Repose:

The World and Sin will ever vex,

Will trouble and molest;

But I will trust my Soul with Christ,

To bring to Heaven's Rest.

XIV. The Sinner's Reception.

I.

WHilst others costly Offerings bring
Unto my Lord most dear,

To him a Song of Praise I'll sing,

And sacrifice a Tear:

This is my choicest Gift; I have

No better to impart;

When thou receivedst me first, then I

Did offer up mine Heart.

II.

I am the Prodigal return'd,

And met upon a Plain,

And Thou the loving Father, who

Invit'st me home again:

Thou didst invite and bring me home,

My Study now shall be,

To furnish and prepare a Room,

Where Christ may dwell with me.

III.

O cleanse my Soul, and make it white,

Adorn it with thy Grace:

To dwell with me do thou delight,

And never hide thy Face:

Who can but love so dear a Lord!

I'll make a daily Feast;

The

The daily Exercise of Grace
Shall entertain my Christ.

IV.

I love thee, Lord ; and thou dost know,
How I adore thy Name ;
Surely, my God, I would do so,
Would wear a loving Frame :
With Thankfulness I will record
Thy Kindness all my Days,
I'll live upon, and to the Lord,
And breathe a constant Praise.

XV. *The Sinner's Admiration of Divine Mercy ;
as the 148th Psalm.*

I.

WHAT Line can fathom, Lord,
Thy rich and wondrous Grace ?

Your praising Songs record,
Ye Saints, in every Place.

Bless God, my Soul,
Even unto Death,
And write a Song
For every Breath.

II.

Hell was my proper Hire,
Who long was Satan's Slave,
Fit Fuel for the Fire ;
But God delights to save.

Bless God, my Soul,
Even unto Death,
And write a Song
For every Breath.

Vile

III.

Vile Prodigals may not
Acceptance with thee fear;
No Sigh was e'er forgot,
God bottles every Tear.

Bless God, my Soul,
Even unto Death,
And write a Song
For every Breath.

IV.

My Sins are very high,
I sinking into Hell,
Free Mercy then drew nigh
And caught me as I fell.

Bless God, my Soul,
Even unto Death,
And write a Song
For every Breath.

V.

Cherubs cannot express
Such Love, which ne'er decays;
What can my Soul do less,
Than love him all my Days.

Bless God, my Soul,
Even unto Death,
And write a Song
For every Breath.

XVI. *The Soul's Thirst.*

I.

I Bless my God for giving Grace,
Whose Bounty will augment my Store,
F And

And as my Grace does thus advance,
So, Lord, thy Praises shall be more.

II.

But surely Hearts are barren Soil,
Mere Nature can bear nothing good;
But I shall grow; the Holy Ghost
Waters me with a sacred Flood.

III.

Be thou to me as thou hast been
Unto thy chosen *Israel*,
A Dew to keep my Branches green,
A Sun to make my Blossom smell.

IV.

He who esteems a trifling Joy
Above the Beamings of thy Face,
Prefers a Dunghil to a Throne,
And faileth in his heavenly Race.

V.

But Heaven-born Souls are thirsty still,
And eager Saints thro' Haste complain;
Yet they that dwell on *Sion's Hill*,
Shall ne'er be parch'd thro' want of Rain.

XVII. *For Spiritual Protection.*

I.

Surrounding Hosts of Enemies
Are watching to break in;
And Satan in his Ambush lies,
T'ensnare my Soul in Sin:
But God sets his protecting Guard
Around his Children all,
Who Light and Safety have from him,
As from a fiery Wall.

II.

II.

This Satan sees with envious Eyes,
And shakes at me his Chain;
This, when the Soul discerns, 'tis free
From all distrustful Pain:
The World puts on its daunting Frown,
And thinks to make me fly:
But no Temptations cast me down,
Whilst Thou, my Rock, art nigh.

III.

But when my God withdraws his Hand,
I stumble at a Pin;
My Resolutions and my Vows,
Surrender and give in.
Help, Lord! That Frame set up within,
Which thine own Hand did raise,
Shall else be broken up by Sin,
And thou wilt lose the Praise.

IV.

Even as thy Care, thy Hand is large,
And fills each empty Space:
Remember that I am thy Charge;
This Day consult my Case.
My Soul and Frame I will commit
To thee, O Holy Ghost!
Thou art my Guardian; and I trust,
Thy Work shall not be lost.

XVIII. *Lamenting the Loss of first Love.*

I.

O That my Soul was now as fair
As it hath sometimes been,
Devoid of that distracting Care
Without, and Guilt within.

There was a Time when I could tread
 No Circle but of Love ;
 That joyous Morning now is fled,
 How heavily I move !

II.

Unhappy Soul, that thou should'st force
 Thy Saviour to depart,
 When he was pleased with so coarse
 A Lodging in thy Heart !
 How sweetly I enjoy'd my God !
 With how divine a Frame !
 I thought, on every Plant I trod,
 I read my Saviour's Name :

III.

I liv'd, I lov'd, I talk'd with thee,
 So sweetly we agreed,
 And thou no Stranger wast to me
 'Till I became a Weed :
 The Tempter robb'd me, and I must
 I fear be ever poor ;
 May this suffice, to roll i'th' Dust
 Before thy Temple Door.

IV.

My dearest Lord, my Heart flames not
 With Love, that sacred Fire ;
 But since my Love has wore that Blot,
 Repentance runs the higher.
 O might those Days return again,
 How welcome they should be !
 Shall my Petition be in vain
 Since Grace is ever free ?

V.

Lord of my Soul, return, return,
To chase away this Night;
Let not thine Anger ever burn;
God once was my Delight.

XIX. The Conflict.

I.

AH me! my Heart's the Seat of War,
Two Armies there appear;
Satan has drawn his Forces up;
My God, my Strength, draw near.
The Flesh and Spirit do contend
For this weak Soul of mine;
Two Worlds in Competition stand;
Lord, save me, I am thine.

II.

The Soul upon the Wing of Faith
Strews Triumphs in its Way;
But straight a guilty Thought breaks in,
And mingles Night with Day.

III.

My Evidences should be clear;
But Ah! The Blots of Sin
Turn cheering Hopes to sadning Fear,
And make black Doubts within:
The Laws of Sin and Grace will jar,
Both dwelling in one Room;
The Saints expect perpetual War,
'Till they are sent for home.

IV.

Altho' these Combats make you fear,
They should not cast you down;
God will give Grace to hold out here,
And Glory for its Crown.

XX. *The Backslider's Return.*

I.

TH O' I am fallen from my God,
I'll venture to draw nigh;
His Word assures me he would not

Have any Sinner die:
Sinners may hope to see God's Face,
Tho' fallen ne'er so low,
If they go to the Throne of Grace,
And weeping as they go,

II.

Who shames himself before him there,
His Sin shall be forgot;
If Sinners blush when they confess,
Their Saviour hides their Spot;
Ah, Lord! I am asham'd to come,
Asham'd with thee to meet;
I dare not look, but down I fall
At thy most blessed Feet.

III.

Did ever any thus before,
Thus basely wrong thy Grace?
Sure, I'm more vile than any one
Of lapsed *Adam's* Race.
Here comes a Prodigal; Lord, hear,
And answer at his Call,

I beg, for Jesus' Sake that thou
Remember not my Fall.

IV.

Nothing I plead on my behalf,
But yet thou knowest well,
Bright Saints in Heav'n were once black Brands
Snatch'd from a burning Hell.
The Blood of Bulls thou askest not ;
A penitential Groan
Shall be accepted ; this I bring,
And offer at thy Throne.

XXI. *The Sinner's Morning-Prayer ; as the
100th Psalm.*

I.

GOD, who once more unseal'd mine Eyes,
Shall have my choicest Sacrifice ;
My highest Thanks I humbly pay,
For Mercies running Night and Day.

II.

O Lord, thy Pardon I implore,
And Grace that I offend no more ;
O let thy Goodness never cease,
Renew thy Covenant of Peace.

III.

As thou renewest still my Days,
With new Endearments crown my Ways ;
Father, with me this Day abide.
Be thou my Leader and my Guide.

IV.

That I may plainly see and know
The very Path where I should go,

And may at Night rejoicing say,
My God was kind to me this Day.

V.

Those Graces that I want, supply,
And keep me with a tender Eye;
Let my Corruptions more and more
Lose of the Ground they had before.

VI.

By Faith, dear Saviour, I would live,
And like the fruitful Lily thrive:
The fruitful Christian honours God,
And shews his Pastures to be good.

VII.

Give me thy Claim to Heaven clear,
Thy constant Grace to persevere;
Whilst here on Earth, be thou my Guard,
And at the last my great Reward.

XXII. *The Sinner's Evening Prayer; as the
100th Psalm.*

I.

O Lord, behold a wretched One,
That flings himself before thy Throne,
By Practice sinful, and by Birth,
Lord, viler, viler than the Earth!

II.

O let thy Christ, my Jesus be,
To save from Sin and Misery!
My Soul beneath thy Feet I lay,
Intreating Pardon for this Day.

III.

III.

God made this World and brought me in,
And I brought mine, my World of Sin.
Behold those Sins, not as a Spy
To mark, or as a Judge to try;

IV.

But as Physician to the Poor,
Who brings a Balm for the Sore.
Absolve, renew me, by thy Grace,
Fit me for Death which comes apace.

V.

Encircle me within thine Arm,
My Body to defend from Harm;
Preserve my wandring Soul from Sin,
Both going out, and coming in.

VI.

Keep far from me a careless Heart,
From which my Saviour would depart;
O bless and prosper all my Ways,
That they may issue in thy Praise.

XXIII. *A Cry for Improvement of Talents.*

I.

I Am a Tree that God hath set,
Which he expects should grow;
We must allow that Hand to reap,
Which was at Cost to sow.

II.

If thou expectest from my Flock,
Or from my Tillage Bread,
Then help me to improve my Stock,
Let not thy Grace lie dead.

III.

III.

Those Talents that the Masters lend,
 The Servants must improve ;
 Thine Aid, O my great Master, send,
 To help me from above :
 Since thou didst buy me when a Slave,
 Shall I not now be true ?
 I'll use the Power that I have,
 Dear Saints, for God and you.

IV.

With Riches give a liberal Heart,
 That so I may restore,
 And freely pay the Tythes unto
 Thy Deputies the Poor :
 That Honour thou dost shine on me,
 Shall honour thee always ;
 My lesser Talents join to pay
 Their Tribute to thy Praise.

V.

Whate'er is mine, it first was thine,
 And thine shall ever be ;
 All my Enjoyments shall combine
 To praise and honour thee :
 My Parts, my Time, my every Thing,
 Are wholly thine, I own ;
 Accept the Musick from each String
 Presented at thy Throne.

XXIV. *A Cry before the Sacrament.*

I.

TO-day the Lord of Hosts invites
 Unto a costly Feast ;

O, what a Privilege is this,
To be my Saviour's Guest!

II.

All they that sit down with him must

Be decked with his Grace;

He smiles on such Communicants,

And they behold his Face.

III.

But who, and what am I? O Lord!

Unholy and unmeet

To come within thy Doors, or once

Wash thy Disciples Feet.

IV.

Come, Holy Spirit, come, and take

My filthy Garments hence;

The Guilt, the Stain, the Love of Sin,

Will give my Lord Offence.

V.

Remember not my Sins, O Lord,

Which ever load my Mind;

Thy Son did die for such as I,

That I might Mercy find.

VI.

Worldly Distractions stay behind,

Below the Mount abide;

Be no Disturbance to my Mind,

Nor make my Saviour chide.

VII.

Let nothing that is not divine,

Within thy Presence move;

Whate'er would cause thee not to shine

In Tokens of thy Love.

VIII.

VIII.

Whilst thou dost at thy Table sit,
Send out thy Spirit to breathe
Upon my Soul, to summon forth
My Graces from beneath.

IX.

Awake Repentance, Faith, and Love,
Awake, O every Grace;
Come, come, attend this glorious King,
And bow before his Face.

X.

O come, my Lord, the Time draws nigh
That I am to receive,
Stand with my Pardon sealed by,
Persuade me to believe.

XI.

Let not my Jesus now be strange,
Nor hide himself from me;
O cause thy Face to shine upon
The Soul that longs for Thee.

XII.

O let our Entertainment now
Be so exceeding sweet,
That we may long to come again,
And at thy Table meet.

XXV. *Under Desertion.*

I.

MY Lord, my God, I once could sing,
But now I fear to say
My God; I only cry, my King,
Of force I must obey:

I've

I've forfeited that blessed Guest,
That Joy that sometimes shone
Within this dark unhallow'd Breast;
O whither is it gone!

II.

In infinite Compassion, Lord,
To my Complaint give ear;
Whole Troops of Sorrow bear me down;
O when wilt thou appear?
Remember, Lord, what I am still'd;
Tho' under Darkness great:
Tho' under Darkness, still thy Child,
My Heart is still thy Seat.

III.

My King, thou dost possess that Throne,
Thou dost that Scepter sway;
'Tis thine still, Lord, 'tis thine alone,
I hate the Sinner's Way:
Lord, when thou seest me come to pray,
Bow down a gracious Ear
To answer; if my Lord delay,
One darksome Day's a Year.

IV.

To shine upon a Soul so vile,
Would magnify thy Grace;
I long for nothing but a Smile
From my dear Saviour's Face;
I will no more my Lord provoke,
Or cause thee to withdraw;
Thy former Frowns have made me wise,
To fear, and stand in awe.

V.

V.

My restless Soul will ne'er give o'er,
 Until thy Bowels move;
 I'll not be driven from thy Door
 'Till thou shalt say, I love.

XXVI. *For the Success of the Gospel; as the*
100th Psalm.

WHen, Lord, shall *Jew* and *Gentile* raise
 Harmonious Concerts to thy Praise?
 The Joys of this united Choir
 Will tune our praising Voices higher.

II.

Broken with Grief, thy Watchmen call
 To God from *Salem's* broken Wall;
 Alas! the Dews of Grace distill,
 So thin on thirsty *Sion's* Hill.

III.

Thy Saints complain that they are few;
 Make Converts fall as Morning Dew,
 Owing that *Jacob's* Tents are fair,
 Own *Pisgab* for the sweetest Air.

IV.

Our Watchmen, Lord, rejoice to bless,
 Smile in a sevenfold Success;
 O may thy gracious Kingdom come,
 And Souls, as swift-wing'd Doves, fly home.

V.

Now *Sion's* Poor shall all be fed,
 Here God supplies her Poor with Bread;
 Then

Then let the Saints disband all Strife,
Run Arm in Arm the Path of Life.

XXVII. *For a soft Heart.*

I.

THAT Heart is harder than a Stone
That rises up to play,
And ne'er with Sorrow thinks upon
The Sins of Yesterday;
The last Night's Failures well might make,
If they were duly scann'd,
Each Rock, each Sinner's Heart to ake,
For Saints are daily tann'd.

II.

Ah, Lord! Thou see'st my frozen Heart,
How Little, Little Love;
I owe thee All, scarce pay thee Part;
Drop Softness from above.
If thou withhold a little Space,
Withhold not very long;
Send down the melting Dews of Grace,
I'll send thee up a Song.

III.

Make my Heart softer, softer still,
Me like thy mourning Dove;
I mourn, because I cannot mourn;
But, Lord, thou know'st I love:
Make my Heart softer, softer still,
That by thy gracious Hand
A deep Impression may be made,
Even from the least Command.

XXVIII.

XXVIII. *Against Unbelief.*

I.

A Soul that's burden'd with the Weight
 Of Sin that on him lies,
 Must go to *Golgotha*, then ask,
 For whom that Saviour dies?
 Surely, for Sinners, such as I,
 That precious Blood was spilt;
 Come, poor defiled Souls, O come,
 And wash away your Guilt.

II.

When Jesus calls, shall Sinners fear?
 Tho' thou was Satan's Slave,
 The Saviour's Voice shall ever chear,
 Whose Errand was to save:
 He once appear'd to *Magdalen*,
 When blinded with her Tears,
 To lead on others to believe,
 And cast away their Feats.

III.

My Sins are grown so high, that they
 Deserve a second Flood;
 Behold the Deluge! Christ is come
 To drown them in his Blood:
 My Work is to believe on him,
 By Faith his Blood apply;
 When Faith takes out the fiery Sting,
 The Sinner shall not die.

IV.

Lord, Satan says, my Sins are high,
 And spread before thy Face;

Vast

Vast Heights indeed ; but what are these
Unto the Heights of Grace?

XXIX. For Universal Obedience.

LORD, thou hast planted me a Vine
In fertile Soil and Air;
Now tend and water me as thine,
Make me thy daily Care;
My Christ, I'm wholly thine, direct
My wand'ring in the Dark:
O may my constant Aims be straight,
Thine Honour be my Mark.

II.
I have observ'd thy sacred Laws
To be exceeding wide,
Let me not from the least of them,
Turn wilfully aside.
Lord, let thy Word and Spirit guide
Thy Servant in thy Way;
May I walk closely with my God,
And run no more astray.

III.
Shall *Simon* bear thy Cross alone,
And other Saints be free?
Each Saint of thine shall find his own,
And there is one for me:
Whene'er it falls unto my Lot,
Let it not drive me from
My God, let me ne'er be forgot.
IV. Till thou hast lov'd me home.

IV.

O happy Christians, be not loth
 To have a coarser Fare;
 Saints that have had no Table-cloth
 Had Christ at Dinner there;
 To do or suffer I am pleas'd,
 So long as Christ stands by;
 Support me with thy constant Aid,
 Lest all thy Graces die.

V.

Thy Way is to the Upright Strength;
 Lord, make it so to me,
 That never tiring with the Length,
 My Soul may reach to Thee.

XXX. *The Sinner's Cry for quickning Grace.*

I.

THE Spouse sought her beloved One,
 But sought him on her Bed;
 Seldom such Seekers speed with God;
 Cold Prayers are counted dead.

II.

Thy Saints enjoy a lively Frame,
 Run chearfully to God;
 Their Heav'nly Praises shew the same
 Whilst I'm a lifeless Clod.
 Ah, Lord, shall it be ever thus?
 Have I no Wings for Thee?
 It grieves me to go bowed down,
 Whilst other Christians flee.

III.

III.

None can remedy this, but thou;
Drop down the Oil of Love,
My Soul then like *Aminadab*,
With swift Delight shall move:
O come to me with quick'ning Grace,
Remove this drowsy Frame;
Then shall the Fire of Love within
Break out into a Flame.

IV.

Come, come to me, O come, and set
My Soul upon the Wing;
When I upon the Mountain get;
I'll praise my Heav'nly King:
No more Delays, O come and blow,
Stir up thy Grace begun;
When thou dost breathe, thy Spices flow,
The Work goes kindly on.

XXXI. *For Communion with God.*

I.

A Las, my God, that we should be
Such Strangers to each other!
O that as Friends we might agree,
And walk, and talk together!
Thou know'st, my Soul does dearly love
The Place of thine Abode;
No Musick drops so sweet a Sound,
As these two Words, *My God*.

II.

I long not for the Fruit that grows
Within these Gardens here;

I find no Sweetness in their Rose

When Jesus is not near:

Thy gracious Presence, O my Christ,

Can make a Paradise;

Ah, what are all the goodly Pearls

Unto this Pearl of Price!

III

May I taste that Communion, Lord,

Thy People have with thee?

Thy Spirit daily talks with them,

O let it talk with me:

Like *Enoch*, let me walk with God,

And thus walk out my Day,

Attended with the Heav'nly Guards,

Upon the King's High-way.

IV.

When wilt thou come unto me, Lord?

O come, my Lord, most dear;

Come near, come nearer, nearer still;

I'm well when thou art near.

When wilt thou come unto me, Lord?

I languish for thy Sight;

Ten Thousand Suns, if thou art strange,

Are Shades instead of Light.

V.

When wilt thou come unto me, Lord?

For 'till thou dost appear,

I count each Moment for a Day,

Each Minute for a Year:

Come, Lord, and never from me go,

This World's a darksome Place;

I find no Pleasure here below,

When thou dost veil thy Face.

VI.

VI.

There's no such Thing as Pleasure here,
My Jesus is my All;
As thou dost shine, or disappear,
My Pleasures rise and fall:
Come spread thy Savour on my Frame,
No Sweetness is so sweet;
'Till I get up to sing thy Name,
Where all thy Singers meet.

XXXII. *Departure.*

I.

I Had a Lord, but ah he's gone,
And left my troubled Soul alone:
Him I pursue with begging Eyes;
Alas, he disregards my Cries.

II.

I bid my Sighs my Griefs declare,
He counts my Sighs for empty Air;
So like a wither'd Flower I mourn;
Nor can look up till he return.

III.

O thou lov'd Object of my Soul;
Thou, my Physician, make me whole;
Those whom thy Absence makes to grieve,
Thy Presence only can relieve.

IV.

Sure Sin's the Cause; but tho' it be,
Thou pitiest Sinners, pity me;
Lord, I have read thy Blood was spilt
To wash away the Sinner's Guilt.

V.

If every Sin was guilt of Blood,
And I mark'd out for Vengeance stood,
I'd run, and to the Saviour kneel;
The Saviour knows what Sinners feel.

VI.

My pitying Friends would yield Content
To me thus lost in Banishment;
None but my Lord can ease my Pain,
All other Helpers help in vain.

XXXIII. *Lord's Day; as Psalm 100th.*

I.

THOU spread'st a weekly Table, Lord,
Where Souls may banquet on thy Word;
Whilst Means in plenty we enjoy,
Let not our Souls be parch'd and dry.

II.

We wait here at *Bethesda's* Pool,
Those Waters which refresh and cool;
We wait, whose Souls are scorched with Sin,
O come, dear Saviour, help us in.

III.

Thy Power and thy Grace display,
Be thou amongst us on thy Day;
That Sinners may observe thy Call,
And num'rous Converts to thee fall.

IV.

That those who do thy Footsteps trace,
May find all Sweetness in thy Grace;
O, may they never more complain,
That they have sought their God in vain.

V.

V.

Thy People at thy Footstool lie,
Behold us with a gracious Eye;
O let our Souls with Jesus meet,
Our Fellowship with him be sweet.

VI.

Among thy People here am I:
Lord, let me not be passed by;
May this poor Soul with Triumph say,
I've seen my dearest Lord To-day.

VII.

I sit within thy Temple Shade,
O let thy Presence make me glad;
Love me, my Lord, or else I die,
Thy Love alone can satisfy.

XXXIV. *Death of Saints.*

I.

MAN'S Life's a Sigh, a Groan, a Cry,
Looks up, and then begins to die;
Death steals upon us while we're green,
Behind us digs a Grave unseen.

II.

But Oh, how free a Mercy's this,
That Death's a Portal into Bliss!
While yet the Body's scarce undrest,
The Soul is slipt into its Rest!

III.

My Soul! Death swallows up thy Fears;
Thy Grave-clothes dry off all thy Tears;
Why should we fear this parting Pain,
Who die that we may live again?

IV.

IV.

Who walk below in Light and Love,
Are sure to live with Christ above;
A Bosom Heaven will afford,
To those that live upon the Lord.

V.

O how the Resurrection Light,
Will clarify Believers Sight!
How joyful will the Saints arise,
And rub the Dust from off their Eyes!
My Soul, my Body, I will trust
With him who numbers every Dust;
My Saviour faithfully will keep
His own; for Death is but a Sleep.

XXXV. *Another.*

I.

DEATH steals upon us unawares,
And digs a Grave unseen;
Whilst we dispute, are full of Cares,
What may be, what has been;
Shall I be bent on Vanity
And Rottenness to trust,
'Till Death shall lay his Hands on me,
And crumble me to Dust?

II.

What if my Sun should set at Noon?
If Death should call To-day,
Canst thou, my Soul, go off so soon?
Hast thou no Scores to pay?
Behold my Sins, how quick they fall,
How near I am my Goal;

VI.

Let

Let not my Body be undress'd,
'Till thou hast dress'd my Soul,

III.

That at the Trumpet's Sound I may
Spring from my dusty Bed:
Rejoicing at the Voice that calls,
Arise, come forth, ye Dead
Lord, give me Patience if I lie
Upon a Dying-Bed;
O let my Saviour standing by,
Support my weary Head.

IV.

Support my weak and tott'ring Faith,
Whilst dismal Fears annoy;
My Jesus, be my sweet Defence;
My Jesus, be my Joy.
Blest Advocate, do thou not fail
At this Time to appear;
O let my shaken Faith prevail,
My Evidence be clear.

V.

My Soul in thy sweet Hands I trust;
Now can I sweetly sleep,
My Body falling to the Dust,
I leave with thee to keep.

XXXVI. Psalm 63. 8. *My Soul follows hard
after thee,*

MY God, my God, my Light, my Love,
Mine All in All to me,

Wilt

Wilt thou a gracious Father prove
To Souls that hang on Thee?

II.

My God, my God, my Light, my Love,
For thee I thirst alone;
The sweetest Waters upon Earth,
My Soul accounts as none.

III.

My God, my God, my Light, my Love,
Mine only, only Friend,
I seek, I long, I look for thee,
Why wilt thou not attend?

IV.

My God, my God, my Light, my Love,
O whither art thou gone!
Either be near unto me here,
Or lift me to thy Throne.

V.

My God, my God, my Light, my Love,
Canst thou that Soul forsake,
That follows thee with restless Cries,
Longing to overtake?

VI.

My God, my God, my Light, my Love,
Thy Child intreats thy Stay;
Father, shall not thy Bowels move?
O turn and look this Way.

VII.

My God, my God, my Light, my Love,
Come, come, with me abide;
Rejoice me with thy Presence, Lord,
I know no Joy beside.

VIII.

VIII.

My God, my God, my Light, my Love,
Hear thou my mournful Cry :
He hears, he hears me from above,
He will not see me die.

Psalm 86. Done by Mr. J. M.

I.

Hear, hear me, Lord, for I am poor,
And seek Salvation at thy Door;
Bow down thy gentle Ear to me,
Who am oppres'd with Misery.

II.

Save me, my God, for I am thine,
Thy Touch hath made my Heart Divine;
Save me, my God, to whom I flee,
Who have none other Gods but Thee.

III.

Let Mercy come from God on High,
The Object of my daily Cry;
I daily knock, I daily wait,
For Mercy's Alms, at Mercy's Gate.

IV.

God of all Comfort, give a Dole
Of Comfort to thy Servant's Soul :
For this my Soul doth bend her Knee,
And stretch her craving Hands to Thee.

V.

Thou, Lord, art Good, and thou dost stand
With sealed Pardons in thy Hand;
O how the Dews of Mercy fall,
And answer at thy Peoples Call!

VI.

VI.

It ne'er was writ, Here lieth One,
Dy'd at the Foot of Mercy's Throne;
Lord, hearken to my humble Cries,
And let them sound above the Skies.

P A R T II.

I.

I Have a God, to whom I may
Resort with Freedom any Day;
I'll seek him when I am in Pain,
I'm sure to hear from him again.

II.

And when my Soul shall understand
The Comfort of his curing Hand,
Then shall I sing, O happy Rod,
That brought me nearer to my God.

III.

What are those Gods whom Folly feigns,
Those Creatures of distemper'd Brains?
What are those Dunghill Gods before
The Mighty God whom I adore?

IV.

O King of Nations, Lord of All,
Before Thee shall all Nations fall;
And every Language shall confess
Thy glorious Everlastingness.

V.

For thou art Great beyond Compare,
Thy Works amazing Wonders are;
To God alone all Glory be,
There is none other God but He.

VI.

Lord, guide me in thy secret Way,
With such a Guide I shall not stray;
Bring me into an Heavenly Frame,
Unite my Heart to fear thy Name.

VII.

My Lord, my God, my Heart shall praise
And glorify thee all my Days;
Thy Mercy to me doth excell,
I am a Brand snatch'd out of Hell.

PART III.

I.

THE Sons of Pride against me rise,
Fierce Atheists are mine Enemies:
They fear not God, they love not me,
My Comfort is their Misery.

II.

They mark me for their common Foe,
And jointly plot my Overthrow;
But thou, my Lord, dost take my Part,
Thou, Lord, a God of Bowels art.

III.

Thou art most swift to Acts of Grace,
But unto Wrath of slowest Pace;
Thy Mercy and thy Truth abound,
This is Faith's everlasting Ground.

IV.

Whilst God is merciful and true,
I am both safe and happy too;
I cannot fall, who lean upon
The Pillars of the highest Throne.

V.

V.

O leave me not, who follow Thee,
Let Mercy look on Misery;
Save, Lord, for Thee I do adore,
As did my Mother heretofore.

VI.

Save, Lord, one born within thy House,
A Child of Prayers, and Tears, and Vows;
Mine Eyes expect some happy Sign,
To tell my Soul that Thou art mine.

VII.

Me with Salvation's Walls enclose,
To the Confusion of my Foes,
That they with blushing may confess,
We cannot curse whom God doth bless.

VIII.

We cannot catch, whom God will have;
We cannot hurt, whom God will save;
We cannot touch his smallest Limb;
We Curse ourselves, in Cursing him.

*The Song of Songs, which is SOLOMON'S; first
turned, then paraphrased in English Verse.*

THE VERSION.

CHAP. I.

V. 1. *The Song which doth all Songs excel,*

Written by Solomon,

The Wisest King of Israel,

And blessed David's Son.

[Dialogue.]

The Church to Christ.

2. **C**OME near, come nearer yet, and move
Thy sweetest Lips to mine;
For why? Thy Love (who art all Love)
Exceeds the richest Wine.

3. Like to an Ointment poured out
Is thy sweet Name and Favour;
Glad Virgins compass thee about
For thy good Ointment's Savour.

4. O draw me with thy Cords of Love!
We will run after Thee;
The King into his Rooms above
Hath now conducted me.

Thy

Thy Beams will make our Faces shine,

~~In thee we will rejoice;~~

Thy Love is more to us than Wine,

Thou art the Upright's Choice.

5. Ye Daughters of *Jerusalem*,

Tho' I am Black, yet Fair;

Like *Kedar's* Tents, like Ornaments,

Which *Solomon's* Bed doth wear.

6. Look not with a disdainful Eye

Upon my Sun-burnt Face;

My Mother's Children rag'd at me,

And wrought me much Disgrace.

Such was their Envy, such their Grudge,

Their Vines must be inspected;

Whilst at their Vines I was their Drudge,

Mine own were quite neglected.

7. But, O Thou whom my Soul doth love!

Tell me now from thy Breast,

Where feeds thy Flock? Where doth it move?

Where is its Noon-Tide Rest?

Why should I stray, and lose my Way,

'Till I at last do fall

Among thy Fellows Flocks, as they

Themselves do proudly call?

Christ.

8. O fairest Fair, ~~Then go and reap~~

The Footsteps of my Sheep,

And

*And feed the Kids beside the Place
Where my good Shepherds keep.*

9. *My Love, I have compared Thee
To those Egyptian Mares;
Which in King Pharaoh's Chariots flee:
O Fairest of all Fairs!*

10. *Thy Cheeks are comely to behold,
Which Rows of Jewels deck;
Large Chains of pure and shining Gold,
Adorn thy Royal Neck.*

11. *I and my Father we will make
Borders of Gold for thee,
With Silver Studs for thy dear Sake,
That thou may'st richer be.*

The Church.

12. *The King doth at his Table sit,
And I that love him well,
Do pour my Spikenard on his Feet,
Which gives a fragrant Smell.*

13. *My Well-beloved is to me
A Pomander of Myrrh;
Betwixt my Breasts all Night shall he
Be lodg'd and never stir.*

14. *My Well-beloved is to me
Like aromatick Wines;*

H

Like

Like Clusters of the *Camphire Tree*
Among *Engeddi Vines*.

Christ.

15. Lo! thou art Fair, my only Love;
My Love, lo! thou art Fair;
Thou art my Love, thou art my Dove,
Doves Eyes in thee appear.

The Church.

16. Nay, my Beloved, thou art Fair,
My Fairness is from Thee;
And thou art sweet beyond compare:
What a Green Bed have we!

17. The Beams are Cedars where we dwell,
So strong they will not stir;
The Rafters send a pleasant Smell,
For they are made of Fir.

The Paraphrase.

CHAP. II.

1. **N**OW will I sing, of *Christ the King*,
And of his Church the Queen,
This Song of Songs to them belongs,
Where their pure Flames are seen.

[Dia-

[Dialogue.]

The Church to Christ.

2. **L**ET my dear Saviour's Love appear
By some assuring Sign ;
Thou, Lord, my fainting Soul doth chear
When thou say'st, I am thine.
Let others on their Dainties feed,
And drink the richest Wine ;
My Feast doth all the Feasts exceed,
When thou say'st, I am thine.
3. Thy Word which sounds thy mighty Fame,
And how good thou hast been,
Doth so revive, that for the same
Souls love Thee, tho' unseen ;
Souls of an Heav'nly Make and Frame,
The joyful Heirs of Grace,
Do taste such Sweetness in thy Name,
They long to see thy Face.
4. Fain would I, but I cannot move,
Sin hath enfeebled me ;
O draw me with the Cords of Love !
I will run after Thee.
Thou hear'st, thou draw'st, I come, I come,
Thy Love (my God) is sweet ;
Thy Presence-Chamber is the Room
Where Soul and Joys do meet,
Our earthly Pleasures we forget,
To think upon thy Love ;

All upright Souls their Minds do set
On thee, my Lord above.

5. Tho' I to Strangers black do seem,
And under Foot am trod;
Yet am I fair in Heav'ns Esteem,
I am the House of God.

6. O do not scorn my outward State!
Ye know not what's within:
Whom God doth love, how dare you hate?
My Saviour hides my Sin;
Profest Church Members should have brought
Some Comfort to my Mind;
But did they treat me as they ought?
Alas! They prov'd unkind.
Their Anger did my Words controul,
They bow'd me to their Will:
And so my own immortal Soul
Declin'd and fared ill.

7. Pity my tempted State, O Lord!
Whom still I do adore;
O bring me home! By thy good Word,
My laps'd Soul restore:
Since, Lord, thy Mercy still abides,
Shall I be lost among
Falsè Flocks, falsè Doctrines, and falsè Guides,
Which do thine Honour wrong?

Christ.

Christ.

8. *My Church, to me the World is Dross,
And thou a Pearl of Price;
And art thou stray'd, and at a Loss?
Attend to my Advice:
Look back upon my Church of old,
And mark which Way they went;
And let thy Childrens Eyes behold
The Pastors I have sent.*

9. *As Pharaoh's Horses (Egypt's Pride)
Are deem'd the Choicest Breed;
So thou, my Church, my Fairest Bride,
All Fair Ones dost exceed.*

10. *Man's Eyes thy outward State behold,
Mine Eyes are on thy Heart:
Whilst others shine with Pearl and Gold,
Through Grace thou lovely art.*

11. *My Soul that loves thee, is so glad
Thy Stock of Grace to see,
I and my Father, we will add
A new Supply to Thee.*

The Church.

12. *My King doth sit in Heav'n above,
Where Angels do attend;
And from below my Faith and Love
Shall to my King ascend.*

13. My Faith ascends unto the Lord,
 And brings him down to me;
 My Love a Bosom doth afford,
 Where he shall lodged be.
 O the sweet Time, as if I was
 Reigning in Heaven above,
 When once my Soul doth Christ embrace
 In Arms of Faith and Love!

14. It is so sweet, when we do meet,
 My Joys in Christ exceed
 The sweetest Smells, and Tastes, and Sights,
 Which can our Senles feed.

Christ.

15. My dearest Church, I do admire
 The Beauties of thy Mind,
 So meek, so harmless, so entire,
 So faithful and so kind.

The Church.

16. My dearest Lord, thou art the Sun,
 By whose bright Beams I shine;
 And then my Glory first begun
 When thou becamest mine:
 Since thou art mine, and I am thine,
 A num'rous Race do flow
 In every Place, which to thy Grace
 Their Birth and Being owe.

17. The dear Assemblies of thy Saints,
Where thou, my Lord, doth dwell,
Are sweet and pure, and shall endure
Against the Gates of Hell.
-

The V E R S I O N.

C H A P. II. *Christ.*

1. **I** *Am the Rose of Sharon-Field,*
I am the Lily White,
The Lily which the Vallies yield,
I am both sweet and bright.

2. *What are Thorns, in th' Account of Men,*
Unto the Lily bright?
What are the Fairest Daughters when
My Love appears in sight?

The Church.

3. What are the common Trees o'th' Wood
Unto the Apple-Tree?
What is the rich and noblest Blood,
My lovely Lord, to Thee?
I sat rejoicing in Times past
Under his cooling Shade:
His Fruit was sweet unto my Taste,
O what a Feast I made!

4. Unto his Cellars stor'd with Wines
 He caus'd me to remove;
 Over my Head abroad he spread
 The Banner of his Love.
5. Give Flaggons for a Cordial,
 Bring Apples me to chear;
 For I am sick, I faint, I fall,
 I languish for my Dear.
6. His Left-hand underneath my Head
 For my Support is plac'd;
 His Right-hand over me is spread,
 And thus I am embrac'd.
7. O *Salem's* Daughters, you I charge,
 Both by the Roe and Hind,
 Ye do not move nor stir my Love,
 Until it be his Mind.
8. My Well-beloved's Voice of Joy
 My Heart with Comfort fills;
 He comes leaping on Mountains high,
 And skipping on the Hills.
9. My Well-beloved comes in Haste,
 Like a swift-footed Roe;
 Nay, my Beloved flees so fast,
 Young Hart did never so.
 Behind our Wall, lo! he doth stand,
 He's at our Windows seen;
 He shews himself so near at Hand,
 There's but a Grate between.

10. I gladly heard his gracious Tone,
Who thus to me did say,
Rise up, my Love, my Fairest One,
Make haste and come away.
11. The Season of the Year invites,
The Winter's gone and past;
Behold a Spring of new Delights!
No Rain nor stormy Blast.
12. The Flowers upon the Earth appear,
The Birds begin to sing;
The People of our Land do hear
The Turtles murmuring.
13. Green Figs upon their Trees are grown,
Young Grapes their Smells display;
Rise up, my Love, my Fairest One,
Make haste and come away.
14. O my Fair Dove, whose Fairness dwells
In dark Obscurity,
In cloven Rocks, and secret Cells,
Come shew thyself to me:
- O let thy Face to me appear,
Let thy Voice answer mine;
Thy Voice is Musick in mine Ear,
Thy Countenance doth shine.
15. Catch us the Foxes in a Toil,
The little Foxes catch,

For

For they our fruitful Vine do spoil,
Their tender Grapes they snatch.

16. My well-beloved he is mine,
And I am his indeed;
In Pastures which with Lilies shine,
He makes his Flock to feed.

17. Till the Day break, and Shades depart,
Beloved, haste to me;
Even as the Roe and tender Hart
On *Bether* Mountains flee.

The Paraphrase.

C H A P. II. *Christ.*

1. **S**UCH is the Power of my sweet Love,
My Church it sweetneth:
It sweetens Earth and Heav'n above,
It sweetens Life and Death.
Such is the Beauty of my Face,
'Tis with such Glories crown'd,
That Solomon's Glory must give place
To what shines me around.
As Lilies in the Vallies grow,
So I the Vallies own;
The Humble are my Heav'n below,
The Lowly are my Throne.

2. No comely Persons can I see
But whom my Grace adorns;

My

which is Solomon's.

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*My Church a Lily is to me,
And all the rest are Thorns.*

The Church.

3. None but a Jesus, none but **He!**

He is the chiefest Good;

My Jesus is an Apple-Tree,

And others barren Wood.

He is the Shadow from the Heat

Of Conscience, Wrath and Hell;

He is true *Manna*, Heav'nly Meat,

Which feeds his *Israel*.

The Shadow of his Sacraments

Hath been exceeding good;

Under that Shade a Feast I made

Upon his Flesh and Blood.

4 My Christ is like a Cellar stor'd

With sweet and precious Wine,

What Sweetness found I in my Lord,

When he said, I am thine!

As Soldiers to their Colours stand,

And after them do move;

So doth my dearest Lord command,

And draw me by his Love.

5. Nothing but Glory can suffice

The Appetite of Grace;

I long for Christ with restless Eyes,

I languish for his Face.

O

O take me up and let me sup
On Promises Divine;
Those Apples from the Tree of Life,
Those Flaggons full of Wine.

6. How am I borne, whilst sick of Love,
In those blest Hands of his?
His Left my Soul's Support doth prove,
His Right my Comfort is.

7. And whilst his Love doth me enflame,
Hear, what a Charge I give:
All ye that own his Sacred Name,
Do not his Spirit grieve:
He is all Love, he is my Love,
O do not him abuse;
Do not again put him to Pain,
Dear Christians, turn not *Jews*:
Lord, leave us not; yet if thou wilt,
With Tears we'll own thy Right;
But a Departure forc'd by Guilt,
Makes a tempestuous Night.

8. My dearest Saviour's Voice I hear,
He comes on my Account;
Nothing can stop his full Career,
No, not Corruption's Mount.

9. My Lord makes haste from Heav'n to Earth,
And he himself presents
To Men of a polluted Birth,
By Words and Sacraments:

Tho',

Tho', like a Wall, our frail Estate
Prevents a perfect Sight;
Yet thro' his Ordinances Grate,
Dart in some Beams of Light.

10. My Lord to me did thus begin,
Arise, my Love, and flee
From World, Flesh, Satan, Self and Sin,
O come away to me!

11. Time was when thou wast cold and dead,
An Heir of Wrath thou wast,
And Vengeance-Storms hung o'er thy Head,
But those sad Days are past.

12. The Flowers of Grace begin to spring
In Thee so hopefully,
That all the Heav'nly Choir doth sing,
Glory to God on High.

13. My Church, thou art my tender Plant,
My Dews have nourish'd Thee;
Now thou art mine, now thou must grant
Thy Fruit, thyself to me.

14. My heartless Dove, why dost thou faint
And hide thyself from me?
Thou know'st not how I love a Saint,
How welcome thou should'st be:
Come, come, before thy Lord appear,
Thy Person joys my Sight;
Let me thy Prayers and Praises hear,
Thy Voice is my Delight.

15. Ye Men of God, whose Charge it is
In God's Courts to attend;
Restrain those Enemies of his
Which do his Church offend.

16. Mine, through my Faith, is my dear Lord,
His, through his Love, am I;
He feeds his People with his Word;
Which tastes most pleasantly.

17. He feeds them with his Word of Grace,
Till glorious Day appears;
Which all the Shades away shall chase,
Of Sins, and Grievs, and Fears.
Come Love, come Lord, come that long Day,
My earnest Expectation,
Shovel these Days out of the Way,
These Hills of Separation.

THE VERSION.

CHAP. III. *The Church.*

1. **H**IM whom my Soul doth love, I fought
By Night upon my Bed;
I fought him, but I found him not,
My Soul's Delight was fled.

2. And slug I here, I now arise,
And go about the Town;
I'll search the Streets and broader Ways
Until I find my own.

Up

Up did I get, and out I went,
My Dearest to regain;
But when I had my Labour spent,
Alas! it was in vain.

3. The City-Watch did 'light on me,
Of whom I did enquire,
In any Street, pray did ye see
The Man whom I admire?

4. 'Twas but a little while that I
Had from the Watch-men pass'd,
But I did find my only Joy,
And then I held him fast;
I held, and would not let him go,
'Till I had brought him home
Into my Mother's House, and so
Into my Native Room.

5. O Salem's Daughters, you I charge
Both by the Roe and Hind,
Ye do not move nor 'wake my Love
Until it be his Mind.

The Daughters of Jerufalem.

6. What smoaky Pillar strait from hence,
Out of that Desert rises,
Perfum'd with Myrrh and Frankincense,
And all the Merchants Spices?

The Church.

7. Such Ornaments his Bed do grace
 As *Solomon's* Bed commend,
 Where Threescore Men of *Israel's* Race
 His valiant Guards attend.
8. They all hold Swords couragiously,
 They all know how to fight:
 Each hath his Sword upon his Thigh,
 Because of Fear i'th' Night.
9. The Chariot of King *Solomon*,
 Which for himself had made,
 Was of the Wood of *Lebanon*,
 Which Silver Pillars had.
10. Gold was the Bottom, and above
 Rich Purple cover'd it;
 The Midst whereof was pay'd with Love,
 For *Salem's* Daughter fit.
11. Look, Virgins, on King *Solomon*,
 His Crown so rich, so gay,
 Wherewith his Mother crown'd him on
 His joyful Marriage-day.

*The Paraphrase.*C H A P. III. *The Church.*

1. **O**NCE did I seek my dearest Lord,
 But with a sleepy Mind;

His

His Presence he did not afford:
Slack Seekers cannot find.

2. Shall I, said I, forego my Christ,
And so close up mine Eyes?

No, no, he was so dearly mist,
I could not but arise.

My Bed was Thorns, no Bed for me,
Nothing could give me Rest,

'Till I my dearest Lord might see,
And lean upon his Breast:

When private Means could not prevail,
In publick him I sought;

I waited till my Eyes did fail;
Alas! I found him not.

3. God's holy Watchmen did me find,
Of whom I did inquire,

Pray, can ye help my troubled Mind,
Which doth a Christ desire?

O happy Stars, if ye might be
My Guides to Jesus now!

Seers, did ye my Saviour see?
Pray tell me where and how?

Means must be us'd, but cannot heal
Without a Sov'reign Word;

Christ only can himself reveal,
And still I lack'd my Lord.

4. One dark Hour more I did sustain,
And then the Night was past;

Tho' I had sought so long in vain,
I found my Lord at last;

I found my Lord, and held him fast,
 And would not let him part;
 My new-found Jesus I embrac'd,
 And lodg'd him in my Heart;
 I would not lose my Christ again,
 And gain a second Hell;
 My Prayers and Tears did him constrain
 Within my Soul to dwell:
 As Clouds are pierc'd with powerful Light,
 His Beams through me did shine;
 His dear Assemblies saw this Sight,
 And joy'd that Christ was mine.

5. Christ's Love my Heart doth so enflame,
 This Charge I needs must give,
 All ye that own his Sacred Name,
 Do not his Spirit grieve.
 He is all Love, he is my Love,
 O do not him abuse!
 Do not again put him to Pain,
 Dear Christians, turn not *Jews*.
 Lord, leave us not; yet if thou wilt,
 With Tears we'll own thy Right;
 But a Departure forc'd by Guilt,
 Makes a tempestuous Night.

Weak Believers.

6. *What Heav'nly Souls from Earth arise*
And do at Heav'n aspire!
They mount, they soar, they fix their Eyes
On God their chief Desire.

Earth's

*Earth's Wilderness they nobly scorn,
Whilst others rake for it;
Heaven's Graces them do so adorn,
That they for Heav'n are fit.*

The Church.

7. Admire not me, but my dear Lord,
Whose Bosom gives me Rest;
Whose Angels watch with one Accord,
That none should me molest.
8. These Heav'nly Guards are full of Might,
And ready do they stand,
For to defend his Church's Right,
When he shall them command:
~~When Darkness breeds tormenting Fear,~~
Then Help comes from on High;
A strength'ning Angel doth appear
Amidst that Agony.
9. Heav'n is the high and glorious Throne
Of my most glorious Lord;
Who yet on Earth rides up and down
I'th' Chariot of his Word.
10. His Word is rich, and strong, and pure,
As all his Saints do prove;
Who of its true Intent are sure,
And find, its Heart is Love.
11. Go ye that own the highest Name,
Behold a glorious Show,

How the Almighty spreads his Fame,
 And what his Word can do !
 This mighty King rides conquering,
 His Word goes forth with Might,
 Which woos and wins the Slaves of Sin,
 Both by its Force and Light :
 Those Slaves their Hellish Lords forsake,
 And Christ do humbly own ;
 And as his Spouse he them doth take,
 And wears them as his Crown.
 Great was their Need, greater his Love
 Than their Necessity :
 As well they may, glad do they prove,
 But not so glad as he.

The V E R S I O N.

C H A P. IV. *Christ.*

1. **L**O ! *thou art Fair, my only Love,*
My Love, lo ! thou art Fair ;
Thine Eyes are like those of the Dove,
Within thy Locks of Hair.
Thy bairy Locks are like Goat's Flocks,
Which from Mount Gilead look :
2. *So are thy Teeth like well-shorn Sheep,*
Come from the Washing-Brook.
They pregnant are as well as fair,
For Fruits as well as View ;
For each of them her Twins doth bear,
There's not a barren Ewe.

3. *Thy Lips are like a Scarlet-Thread,
Thy Speech is sweet and fine ;
Within thy Locks thy Temples red
Like broke Pomegranates shine.*
4. *Thy Neck is like to David's Tower,
Strong built, and raised high ;
A Thousand Shields for Men of Power,
Hang in that Armoury.*
5. *Thy two Breasts are like two Young Roes
Well shap'd and well agreed ;
For they are loving Twins, and those
Among the Lilies feed.*
6. *Until the Day have chas'd away
The Dusty Shades, I will
Betake me to the Mount of Myrrh ;
And to the Incense Hill.*
7. *All over fair, my Love, thou art,
And so thou seem'st to me ;
There is not one uncomely Part,
Not one dark Spot in thee.*
8. *Come, Love, with me from Lebanon,
From Lebanon with me,
Since thou and I are join'd in One
Thy Lebanon I'll be.
From Shenir's Top, from Hermon look,
And from Amana high,
Those Lions Dens must be forsok,
And where the Leopards lie.*

9. My Spouse, my Sister, thou hast gain'd
A perfect Victory
Over my Heart by thy bright Chain,
And by thy brighter Eye.
10. How fair and pleasant is thy Love,
My dearest Spouse to me!
O how I prize it far above
The richest Wines that be!
O how my Sister's Ointments smell!
What Sweetness do they yield!
This pleasant Scent doth far excell
The sweet Arabian Field.
11. Thy Lips drop like the Honey-comb,
There Milk with Honey flows;
I smell the Smell of Leb'non from
The Garments of my Spouse.
12. My Sister and my Spouse is veil'd,
That she may be suppos'd
A Spring shut up, a Fountain seal'd,
A Garden well inclos'd.
13. Thou hast a pleasant Nursery
Where sweet Pomegranates grow;
And Fruits which please both Taste and Eye,
There too the Spices flow.
14. As Camphire, Spikenard, Calamus,
Saffron and Cinnamon,

Myrrh

which is Solomon's,

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*Myrrh, Aloes, and Incense Trees,
With each Spice of Renown.*

15. *A Garden Fountain is my Love,
A Living Well is she,
Like Leb'non Streams which swiftly move,
And down to Jordan flee.*

The Church.

16. Am I a Garden? Then, O North,
Awake and on it breathe!
Thy quick'ning Breath will summon forth
The Odours from beneath.
Am I a Garden? Then, O South,
Come, on this Garden blow!
One Sovereign Blast out of thy Mouth
Will make its Spices flow.
Then, then, into his Paradise
Let my Beloved come,
And eat his Fruits, and get his Spice,
And count himself at home.

The Paraphrase.

CHAP. IV. *Christ.*

1. **M***y dearest Church, I do admire
The Beauties of thy Mind,
So meek, so harmless, so entire,
So loyal and so kind.*

I 4

Ev'n

Ev'n thy Profession I esteem,
 Because it springs from Grace,
 Which makes thee yet more comely seem,
 As Hair adorns the Face.

2. Thy Pastors, which prepare thy Food,
 Do in their Minds agree:
 Their Lives and Doctrines both are good,
 And bring much Fruit to me.

3. Thy Speech so season'd is with Grace
 That many Hearts it moves;
 And Graces Colour in thy Face
 Its great Advantage proves.

4. Thy Faith which joins thee to thy Head,
 Doth shield thy inward Parts;
 This Shield hath oft extinguished
 The Devils fiery Darts.

5. The two Breasts of thy Testaments
 Most friendly do accord;
 With Nourishment and sweet Content
 To new-born Babes afford.

The Cries of a distressed Soul,
 These Breasts of Comfort still;
 These Breasts make glad whom Sin makes sad,
 These Breasts the Hungry fill.

6. The Word is here the Church's Fare,
 And Faith the Church's Light,
 'Till Shades give way to Glory's Day,
 Then shall she live by Sight;

Mean

Mean while my gracious Presence shall
Her dear Assemblies fill;
Her Prayers shall be most sweet to me,
Sweet as the Incense Hill.

Mean while my glorious Presence shall
Fill Heav'n, that Holy Ground,
Where Cherubims and Seraphims
Their Hallelujahs sound.

7, 8. My dearest Church, how clear art thou,
On whom no Sin remains!
My Blood apply'd hath purify'd
Thee from thy Guilts and Stains.

Thou art to me as white as Snow;
And tho' thou sinnest still,
Grace keeps thee in, thou canst not sin
With full Consent of Will.

Let my fair Glories thee intice
To come along with me;
Forsake thine Earthly Paradise,
Thy Paradise I'll be.

Birth, Pleasures, Riches, Friends and Fame,
Are all summ'd up in me;

O that thou knew'st how good I am!
Come now, and taste, and see.

This World's an howling WilderNESS,
Fill'd with the Beasts of Prey:
Whilst that they rage, roar and oppress,
On Canaan fix thine Eye.

9. My Heaven-born Spouse, whom I embrace,
My Joy and Crown thou art;

Thine

Thine Eye of Faith, thy Chain of Grace,
Have overcome my Heart.

10. My dearest Spouse of Heav'nly Birth,
Thy Love is more to me
Than all the Pleasures of the Earth;
And sweet thy Graces be.

11. Thy Speeches in thy Heart are bred,
And sweetly do they flow;
Thy Works do such a Savour spread,
As Leb'non's Spices do.

12. Disguised to the World thou go'st,
Heaven in a Mystery;
To me thou runn'st, to me thou flow'st,
None knows thy Worth but I.
As thou art mine, so I am thine,
My Love doth guard thy Heart;
Thy Heart's with me, my Love's with thee,
My Church, how safe thou art!

13. 14. My Church, thou art a Paradise,
Where Fruits and Spices grow,
Fair are thy Fruits, and from thy Spice
The sweetest Odours flow.
Thy tender Plants thy Children are,
Their Graces, Fruits and Spice;
I am the Tree of Life in thee,
My Church, my Paradise.

which is Solomon's.

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15. Thou art a Spring, which to thy Plants

Doth thy pure Streams derive;

Under thine Eye and Ministry

Thy blest Assemblies thrive.

The Church.

16. My Lord, If I a Garden am,

Then let thy Spirit blow,

And with its Gales refresh the same;

And make my Graces flow.

And when thy Spirit thus hath blown,

And I do flourish most,

Then let my dearest Lord come down,

And feed upon his Cost.

So poor I am, so great thou art,

Thee, Lord, how can I feast?

Furnish the Table of my Heart,

Then come and be my Guest.

THE VERSION.

CHAPTER V. *Christ.*

1. I'M come into a Paradise,

My Sister, and my Spouse;

I've gather'd of my Myrrh and Spice

Which in my Garden grows,

My Honey-comb and Honey too.

Have been my sweet Repast;

My

*My Wine, my Milk, which here do flow,
Have cheer'd my Heart and Taste.*

*My Friends and dear Companions,
Come feast yourselves with me ;
Drink, O my Well-beloved Ones,
Yea, drink abundantly.*

The Church.

2. I sleep, but yet my Heart doth 'wake ;
Hark, my Beloved One
Doth knock and call. I can't mistake
His Knock, his Tread, his Tone:
Open to me, my Father's Child,
Open to me, my Love,
Open to me, my Undeſil'd,
Open to me, my Dove ;
Open to me, that wait for thee ;
My Head is fill'd with Dew,
And all my Locks with Ev'ning Drops ;
Let's have an Interview.

3. My Coat is off, and how ſhall I
Put on my Coat again ?
Should I come o'er the duſty Floor,
My waſhed Feet to ſtain ?

4. My deareſt then by the Key-hole
His willing Hand did move,
Which when I did perceive, my Soul
Was touch'd with Grief and Love.

5. Rouz'd by his Passion I did stir,
And answer to his Call;
My Hand and Fingers dropp'd with Myrrh
Which from the Lock did fall.

6. Then did I open to my Dear
But he (alas!) was gone;
He whom I did so lately hear;
Methought I was undone!
I sought him whom my Soul ador'd,
But him I could not have;
I call'd and cry'd, my Love, my Lord!
But he no Answer gave.

7. Then did the cruel City-watch
Smite me, and wound me fore;
The Keepers of the Wall did snatch
Away the Veil I wore.

8. O Daughters of *Jerusalem!*
I charge you, if ye find
My glorious Dear, that he may hear
My Love afflicts my Mind.

The Daughters of Jerusalem.

9. *What Jewel is this Dear of thine,
O Fairest, let us know?
Wherein does thine others outshine,
That thou dost charge us so?*

The Church.

10. My dear Delight is red and white,
 The Lily and the Rose;
 So sweet a Grace adorns his Face,
 Ten Thousand he out-goes.

11. His Head is like the finest Gold,
 And curled Locks doth wear,
 Which do the Ravens Colour hold,
 So comely is his Hair.

12. His Eyes are like the Eyes of Doves
 Which on the Banks are met,
 And do the Streams of Water love,
 Milk wash'd and fitly set.

13. His Cheeks are like a spicy Bed,
 Where all Perfumes do meet;
 His Lips like Lilies, whence is shed
 The Myrrh that smells so sweet.

14. His Hands are like the *Chrysolite*
 In Rings of Gold display'd,
 His Belly is like Ivory bright,
 With *Sapphires* overlaid.

15. His Legs like Marble Pillars are
 On golden Sockets set,
 His Face like *Lebanon* is most fair,
 Like *Cedars* most compleat.

His

His Mouth is most exceeding sweet,
 Yea, he is wholly so;
 Down from his Head unto his Feet
 With Sweetness he doth flow.
 O Salem's Daughters! This is he
 Of whom ye did enquire;
 This is the Friend that loveth me,
 This is my Heart's Desire.

The Paraphrase.

CHAP. V. Christ.

1. **M**y Love (my Dearest) hast me brought
 Whither thou didst invite;
 Thy Graces which my Hand hath wrought
 Have been my Soul's Delight.
 Thou art a Vine which with thy Wine
 Both God and Man doth cheer;
 Feed on the Fruits prepar'd in thee,
 A constant Feast is there.

The Church.

2. Such Drownsness doth me possess,
 I live, and yet I die;
 Some Life I have, no Liveliness,
 How dark and cold am I!
 Here in the Dark and Deep I grope,
 Who us'd to live above;
 Where is my Faith? Where is my Hope?
 Where is my wonted Love?

It is no Stranger's Voice I hear,
 I know it is my Lord's:
 He knocks both at my Heart and Ear,
 These are his loving Words;
 Open to me, my Father's Child,
 Open to me, my Love,
 Open to me, my Undeſil'd,
 Open to me, my Dove.
 My gracious Patience hath flood
 Long waiting at thy Door;
 Fain would I enter for thy Good;
 Slight not thy Saviour.

(Words

3. One would have thought, ſuch melting
 Should break an Heart of Steel;
 But I (alas!) ſo ſtupid was,
 Their Force I did not feel;
 My Answer was to this Effect,
 Lord, now I am at Eaſe;
 And Lord, if I ſhould thee reſpect,
 My Friends I ſhould diſpleaſe:
 Thy Service, Lord, would coſt me dear,
 The Word would me moleſt;
 Thy heavy Croſs how can I bear?
 Do not diſturb my Reſt.

4. My Lord to this made no Reply,
 Only on me he caſt
 A ſad and a rebuking Eye,
 On which this Senſe I paſſ'd;
 Do'ſt thou my Patience thus requite,
 To make it longer bear? Do'ſt

Dost all my Love, and Sufferings slight?

I look'd for better Fare;

This stirr'd my Love, my Grief and Shame,

Which put me to much Pain;

That I resolv'd whatever came,

To own my Christ again.

5. Accurst Temptations, be ye gone,

And do not me restrain;

Satan, avaunt, let me alone,

I'll have my Christ again:

This Resolution gave some Ease

To my distressed Mind;

My Grievs did then begin to cease

When I to Christ inclin'd.

6. But when I did myself address

My Saviour to embrace,

Alas! For my Unworthiness

My Saviour hid his Face.

For he is Great as well as Good,

And will not be disdain'd;

Then his kind Words, which I withstood,

My Conscience sorely pain'd:

O then I wish'd a thousand Times

That I had been so wise,

To shake off my Security

When Christ bade me arise.

I sought him daily in his Word,

But him I could not have;

I call'd and cry'd, my Love, my Lord!

But he no Answer gave.

7. Earth did oppress, whom Heav'n forsook,
 Nothing but Grief I found;
 For they who to my Soul should look,
 My Soul did pierce and wound.
 Their Words and Deeds did both conspire,
 To grieve my grieved Heart;
 Their Scorns and Jeers were Swords and Spears,
 Which did increase my Smart.
 But still my greatest Wound was here,
 My Lord I could not find;
 Had I my Lord, I should not care,
 Tho' others prov'd unkind.

8. Another Course I straightway took,
 I did repair to those
 Who *Sion*-wards do often look,
 And did my Case propose.
 Blest Souls, said I, who oft attend
 At the Almighty's Court,
 My Case to you I do commend,
 That you may it report:
 A Lord I have, or rather had,
 My Well-beloved One;
 His Presence us'd to make me glad,
 But, Ah, my Lord is gone!
 If when you pray, he should acquaint
 You with his Love and Grace,
 Tell him from me, my Heart doth faint
 And languish for his Face.

9. Who is, said they, this Lord of thine?

O Fairest, let us know,
Wherein does thine Others outshine,
That thou dost charge us so?

10. My dearest Lord is White and Red;

White thro' his Purity,
Red thro' his Blood which he did shed
For such an one as I.

Was he not Red, but only White,
The Lily, not the Rose,
He might delight the Angels Sight,
But I am none of those.

Was he not White, but only Red,
A Sufferer for his Sin,
His Blood would rest upon his Head,
Nor could I joy therein;

But my dear Lord is White and Red,
This Mixture pleaseth me;
For, for my Sins he suffered,
When he from Sin was free.

What a reviving Sight is this?

A righteous Saviour's Blood;
The Bath of Sin, the Spring of Bliss,
Most pure, most sweet and good.

The fond enchanted World admires
Their Idols here below;

Their creeping, grovelling, poor Desires
Their Childish Minds do show.

Did but my glorious Lord appear,

O did they him but know,

What formerly their Glories were,
Would be no longer so.

The lesser Lights all disappear

When once my Sun doth shine ;

And tho' Ten Thousand Lords were here

None could be like to mine.

My Lord he is the King of Kings,

The Fairest of all Fairs ;

Of all your fine and boasted Things

None with my Lord compares. (forth

What's your thick Clay ? Your Stones bring

Which ye your Jewels call ;

My Lord he is of real Worth,

And goes beyond them all.

11. His Godhead and his Government

Are infinitely pure,

Most glorious and most excellent,

And ever shall endure.

12. His is a pure and piercing Eye,

Thro' all the Earth it moves,

Which the dark Hypocrite doth spy,

And secret Good approves.

13. His Cheeks appear most bright and clear

When he himself doth show ;

Methinks I in a Garden walk

Where Flowers and Spices grow.

When he doth my Affections stir,

And speaks unto my Mind,

Me-

Methinks the Lilies drop with Myrrh,
Such Savour do I find.

So sweet a Grace adorns his Face,
His Face like Heav'n doth shine!

And O what Musick do I hear
When he saith, "I am thine!"

14. His Hands are like to Rings of Gold;
The Works of my Dear Lord,
Are bright and comely to behold;
His Works fulfil his Word.

The tender Bowels of his Love
How precious they be!
When I am griev'd his Bowels move,
And loudly plead for me.

The sweet Proceedings of my Lord
Are like his Purposes,
Holy and pure, and firm and sure,
Both Love and Stedfastness.

His Countenance majesticall
All Rev'rence doth command;
If he but frowns on us, we fall;
But if he smiles, we stand,

15. His Mouth is most exceeding sweet,
All Sweetness like an Hive;
One Word of his like Honey is,
O how it doth revive!

As I begun should I go on
 My dearest Lord to limn,
 You'd say, all Sweets compacted are
 And summed up in him.

My Lord is larger than Desires,
 Fairer than Words can show;
 One comely Part fond Earth admires,
 My Lord is wholly so.

O Heav'n-born Souls, this, this is he
 Of whom ye did enquire;
 This is the Friend that loveth me,
 This is my Heart's Desire.

THE VERSION.

[CHAP. VI. *The Daughters of Jerusalem,*

1. **F**airest of Fairs, if thus it be,
 O whither is he gone?
 Tell us, that we may seek with thee
 This thy Beloved One.

The Church.

2. Down to his Garden he is gone,
 Where Beds of Spices are;
 That he may feed and lean thereon,
 And gather Lilies there.

3. I am my Well-beloved's own,
My Well-beloved's mine,
He feeds and treads in pleasant Meads,
Where the bright Lilies shine.

Christ.

4. *My Love, like Tirzah, Thou art neat,
And like Jerusalem,
And like an Army so compleat,
Men fly for fear of them.*
5. *O turn away thine Eyes from me,
Thy bright and sparkling Eyes;
To bear so great Felicity,
My Strength doth not suffice.
Thy hairy Locks are like Goats Flocks
Which from Mount Gilcad look;*
6. *So are thy Teeth like well-shorn Sheep
Come from the Washing-brook.
They Pregnant are as well as Fair,
For Fruit as well as View;
For each of them her Twins doth bear,
There's not one barren Ewe.*
7. *As broke Pomegranate seemeth Red,
And shines exceeding clear;
So do the Temples of thy Head
Within thy Locks appear.*

8. *Thrice twenty Queens together stand,
And fourscore Concubines,
And Virgins like the num'rous Sand,
Which to the Sea adjoins.*

9. *My spotless Dove she is but one,
The Darling of her Mother,
Who loves and prizes her alone,
She knows not such another.*

*The Daughters saw her comely Lines,
And prais'd her lovely Face;
Yea, all the Queens and Concubines
Admir'd her beauteous Grace.*

10. *What Morn looks forth? What Moon is there?
What Sun may yonder be?
Fierce Troops with Flags display'd appear,
O what a One is she!*

11. *To the Nut-Garden down I went
To see the Fruits below,
Whether the Vines their Grapes did vent,
And the Pomegranates grow.*

12. *My Soul gave me a sudden Twich,
And made me nimbly slide,
Like those swift Chariots in which
Aminadib did ride.*

which is Solomon's.

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13. *Return, return; O Shulamite,
Return, return apace;
That we may look with much Delight
Upon thy glorious Face.
What in the Shulamite, I pray,
Do ye expect to see?
Two Armies set in good Array!
Even such a one is she.*

The Paraphrase.

C H A P. VI. *The Church.*

1. **W**Hilst thus my dearest Love I prais'd,
As I could do no less,
They heard, they look'd, they stood amaz'd
At my great Happiness.
And when I ceas'd, they thus reply'd,
O Fairest, we must needs
Congratulate thy blest Estate,
Which ours so far exceeds.
O that we were in such a Case
As we perceive thou art!
O that our Souls might find a Place
In thy Beloved's Heart!
Whither is thy Beloved gone?
Pray let us go with thee,
To seek thy well-beloved One,
Whose Face we fain would see.

2. If you my dearest Lord would see,
 Then go into his Court :
 Look where his Saints assembled be,
 Thither you must resort :
 For they his Pleasure-Gardens are
 Where he delights to be ;
 They are his Comfort and his Care,
 There you my Lord may see.
 Some Souls he breeds, and some he feeds,
 Others he doth remove
 Hence from his lower Gardens, to
 His Paradise above.

3. I am my Well-beloved's own,
 My Well-beloved's mine :
 To me his Love a Feast doth prove
 Beyond the richest Wine.

Christ.

4. *My dearest Church, on whom I see
 A fair and Royal Stamp,
 All Sweetness join'd with Majesty,
 Thou art both Court and Camp.*

5. *Thy Prayers are Arms, thy Praises Charms,
 Thy Love is like a Dart ;
 Thy Faith and Graces are so strong,
 They overcome my Heart.
 Thy fair Profession I esteem,
 Because it springs from Grace ;*

Which

*Which makes thee yet more comely seem,
As Hairs adorn the Face.*

6. *Thy Pastors, which prepare thy Food,
Do in their Minds agree:
Their Lives and Doctrines both are good,
And bring much Fruit to me.*

7. *Thy Countenance so shines with Grace,
That many Hearts it moves;
And Grace's Colour in thy Face
Its great Advantage proves.*

8. *The World presents its glorious Shews;
But what are those to me?
In my dear Church, my only Spouse,
All Glories do I see.*

9. *Earth's Pride would soon confounded be,
Should but my Spouse appear;
Who to her Mother and to me
Is so exceeding dear.*

*Her noble Birth and real Worth
Have gain'd her so much Fame,
The greatest Princes of the Earth
Have prais'd her worthy Name.*

10. *Her Sweetness join'd with Majesty,
Her Presence much endear'd;
Her Power with her Purity
Made her both lov'd and fear'd.*

11. *I have been with my new-born Saints,
I have been down to see
What Buds are on my tender Plants,
What Hopes of Fruit for me.*

12. *When, my dear Church, I hid my Face,
Thou did'st thyself bemoan;
I did but prove thy faithful Love
When thou thought'st I was gone.
My Bowels yearn'd when thou didst cry,
My Love did me constrain,
To haste apace, and shew my Face
To thy griev'd Soul again.*

13. *Return, return, my dearest Church,
Return, return to me;
Thy Heav'nly Choir, and I desire
Thy Blessed Face to see.
My Heav'nly Host, if ye would know
My Church's State and Case;
She is another Host below,
And of an awful Grace.*

THE VERSION.

CHAP. VII. Christ.

1. **O** *Daughter of a Prince, how Fair
Are both thy Shoes and Feet!
Thy Joints and Thighs like Jewels are,
Wrought by a Hand discreet.*

2. *Thy Navel as a Cup compleat
With Liquor doth abound;
Thy Belly's like an Heap of Wheat,
Which Lilies do surround.*
3. *Thy two Breasts are like two young Roes,
Well shap'd and well agreed,
Both which are loving Twins, and those
Among the Lilies feed.*
4. *Thy Neck, like Ivory, is most fair,
And like a Tower most straight;
Thine Eyes, like Heshbon-Pools, which are
Hard by Bath-Rabbim Gate.
Thy Nose is like to Leb'non's Tower,
The Tower which doth command
Damascus-Town, the chiefest Flower
Of all the Syrian Land.*
5. *Thine Head on thee like Carmel is,
Thine Hair like Purple stain'd,
Thy Galleries so take his Eyes,
The King is there detain'd.*
6. *How fair art thou, how pleasant art,
My Love, unto my Sight!
So sweetly grac'd in every Part,
Thou art my whole Delight.*
7. *Unto the Palm-Tree I compare
Thy Stature straight and fine;*

Thy

*Thy Breasts appear both full and fair,
Like Clusters of the Vine.*

8. *I said, I will this Palm-tree climb,
I'll search her Branches well;
Thy Breasts shall now like Clusters shew,
Thy Nose like Apples smell.*

9. *Thy Palate's like the choicest Wine
Which for my Friend I keep,
Which sweetly flows, and causeth those
To speak that are asleep.*

The Church.

10. *I am my Well-beloved's own,
And he is wholly mine;
The Stream of his Affection
Doth towards me incline.*

11. *Come, my Beloved, let us go
Into the Fields abroad;
And in the Villages below
Let's take up our Abode.*

12. *Let's get up early in the Morn,
And to the Vineyards go,
To see what Fruits the Trees adorn,
Whether the Vine doth grow:
Whether the tender Grapes appear,
And the Pomegranates thrive,
(The Hopes of the ensuing Year)
There thee my Loves I'll give.*

13. Thy Mandrakes smell, and at our Door
All pleasant Fruits there be;
Both New and Old, which are my Store
Laid up, my Love, for thee.
-

The Paraphrase.

CHAP. II. *Christ.*

1. **O** Daughter of the Mighty God,
How comely are thy Feet?
With Gospel-preparation shod
Thy Carriage how discreet?
2. Thou art both fair and fruitful too,
Great Numbers thou dost breed,
Which with good Meals the Word and Seals
Thou lib'rally dost feed.
3. The two Breasts of thy Testaments
Most friendly do accord;
Which Nourishment and sweet Content
To new-born Babes afford.
The Cries of a distressed Soul,
These Breasts of Comfort still.
These Breasts make glad whom Sin makes sad,
These Breasts the Hungry fill.
4. Thy Faith is thy strong Fort and Tower,
Thine Understanding clear;

Thy

*Thy judging and discerning Power
Informs when Danger's near.*

*Thy Christ, thy Head of Eminence,
All others doth exceed;*

*Thy Christ, thy Head of Influence,
Thy Grace doth keep and feed.*

*3. When thine Assemblies exercise
Their Graces freely given,
The King walks in the Galleries
As in another Heaven.*

*6. My Church, who art most new, most fair,
How dear art thou and sweet,
In whom all Sweets compacted are,
In whom all Graces meet!*

*7. Under thy Weight thou flourishest
As the stout Palm-tree doth;
My Church, the more thou art deprest,
The greater is thy Growth.
The Breasts of thy two Testaments,
Like Clusters of the Vine,
Are full of Juice, which for thy Use
Yield Store of Heav'nly Wine.*

*8. When I perceiv'd thy Soul to thrive
Like to a fruitful Tree,
Then I drew near that I might chear,
And joy myself in thee.
Nor did I empty-handed come,
But added to thy Store;*

God's

*God's Word came then more near and home,
Thy Graces scented more.*

9. *Thy Speech is like the choicest Wine,
So lovely and so strong,
It makes the Sinner's Heart Divine,
And sanctifies his Tongue.*

The Church.

10. My dearest Lord's Affection
I cannot but admire;
I am my Well-beloved's own,
I am his Heart's Desire.

11. I gladly with my Lord could talk;
And spend both Night and Day;
Come, Lord, let us together walk,
Let us together stay.

12. Come, let's go see what Fruits and Flowers
Adorn thy Garden-Place;
Under the Sun-shine and the Showers
Of Days and Means of Grace.
Could I but see thy Children spring,
And in an happy Frame;
O how should I rejoice and sing,
And love thee for the same?

13. Thy Saints their Services present,
Which of sweet Savour be;
Saints New and Old within my Tent,
Are kept from Heav'n and Thee.

The V E R S I O N.

C H A P. VIII. *The Church.*

1. **I** Would to God thou wert as near
 To me as is my Brother,
 That fill'd the Lap and suck'd the Pap
 Of my most tender Mother.
 When I without should 'light on thee,
 Then I thy Lips would kiss;
 Yea, I should not despised be,
 Nor disesteem'd for this.
2. I'd bring thee to my Mother's Tent,
 Who would instruct thee there;
 Pomegranate-Wine of pleasant Scent
 Should be thy Royal Fare.
3. His Left-hand underneath my Head
 Should lovingly be plac'd,
 His Right-hand o'er me should be spread,
 Thus should I be embrac'd.
4. Ye Daughters of *Jerusalem*,
 'Tis you I charge and bind,
 Not once to move or 'wake my Love
 Until it be his Mind.

The

The Daughters of Jerufalem.

5. Out of the Defart doth ascend
A comely Sight to fee,
One leaning on her dearest Friend,
O what a one is she!

The Church.

Under the shady Apple-tree
Thee did I raffe and rear;
Thy Mother travail'd there with thee,
Thy Native Place was there.

6. O feal thine Image on mine Heart,
O feal it on mine Arm;
For Love, like Death, doth caft its Dart,
And Jealoufy is warm:
'Tis like the Grave, whole keen Desire
Nothing can fatisfy;
The Coals thereof are Coals of Fire
That flame vehemently.

(Floods

7. Waters can't quench Love's Flame, nor
Can Love's Height overflow;
If one for Love would give his Goods,
The Price would be too low.

The Jewifh Church.

8. No Breasts on our fmall Sifter grow,
Nor is she yet admir'd;

What shall we for our Sister do,
When she shall be desir'd?

Christ.

9. *We'll build on her a Silver Court,
If she a Wall shall be;
Or if a Door, her we'll support
With Boards of Cedar Tree.*

The Jewish Church.

10. I am a Wall both strong and tall,
My Breasts, like Towers, are round;
(I then his Sight did much delight,
As one that Favour found.)

Christ.

11. *At Baal-Hammon King Solomon
A Vineyard did possess;
Keepers he sent, to the Intent
They might his Vineyard dress:
And thus with them he did agree,
That for the Fruit it gave;
A Thousand Silver Pieces he
Of each of them should have.*

12. *My Vineyard which belongs to me
I know not how to spare;
It ever lies before mine Eyes,
It is my constant Care.*

But

*But thou, O Solomon, must have
A Thousand for thy Gains;
And those that keep its Fruit, may crave
Two Hundred for their Pains.*

13. *And now farewell, thou that dost dwell
In Gardens here below;
As thy Companions hear thy Voice,
So let me hear it too.*

The Church.

14. *Haste, my Beloved, like a Roe
Which soon her Course fulfills;
O that thou wert like a young Hart
Upon the spicy Hills!*

The Paraphrase.

C H A P. VIII. *The Church.*

1. **L**ORD, that thou wert as near to me
As is my Mother's Son,
Such Freedom would I have with thee
As if we both were One.
I would impart my very Heart
To one that was so near,
Whose Nearness should advance my Love
Above all slavish Fear.

2. *God's Holy Church, my Mother Dear,
Should me such Lectures read;*

I should provide such Heav'nly Chear,
Whereon thou lov'st to feed.

3. And then shouldst thou thy Love display,
The Riches of thy Grace,
Thy Left-hand then my Head should stay,
Thy Right my Heart embrace.

4. Christ's Love my Heart doth so enflame,
This Charge I needs must give;
All ye that own his Sacred Name,
Do not his Spirit grieve.
Lord, leave us not, yet if thou wilt,
With Tears we'll own thy Right;
But a Departure forc'd by Guilt,
Makes a tempestuous Night.

Weak Christians.

5. *What strange aspiring Souls are those
Which do this World disdain;
Who on their Lord themselves repose,
Heav'n's Kingdom to obtain?*

The Church.

Under thine Ordinances Shade
I sought and found thine Aid;
For there thine Entrance first was made,
Thy Graces first convey'd.

6. Lord, bear my Name upon thy Breast,
Engrave it on thine Heart;

There

There let it be so sure posselt
It thence shall ne'er depart.
For Love, like Death, doth cast a Dart
Which wounds me to the Quick:
Thy Presence, Lord, supports my Heart,
Thine Absence makes it sick.
Should'st thou but seemingly disdain
My Heart so deep engag'd,
I should be tortur'd with such Pain
As could not be assuag'd.
O love me, Lord, or else I die!
Thee, Lord, my Love doth crave,
My Lord, should'st thou my Love deny,
My Love would be my Grave.
My Love doth flame; my Jealousy
So burns my Heart and Eyes,
I must embrace my Lord, or I
Must be Love's Sacrifice.

7. Whole Seas of Trouble cannot quench
Love's everlasting Fire;
Though Hell oppose whom I have chose,
I cannot but admire.
None but a Christ, none but my Lord,
No Bribes can take with me;
A proffer'd World would be abhorr'd;
A Christ, and none but He!

The Jewish Church.

8. Remember the blind Nations, Lord,
Who in the Dungeon grope;

And lack the Sun-shine of thy Word,
Yet Pris'ners are of Hope.

When once the Hour of my Design
Hath on these Captives shone,
When they are call'd and own'd for thine,
What shall be further done;

Christ.

9. *If they be constant to my Name,
And firmly hold my Word,
They shall be blest with Strength and Fame,
And honour'd by their Lord;
If they will open at my Call,
That I with them may dwell,
I'll hold them fast, and make them last
Against the Gates of Hell.*

The Jewish Church.

10. Lord, I am constant to thy Name,
And firmly hold thy Word;
(I had a Smile upon the same
From my most gracious Lord.)

Christ.

11. *I nor admire nor imitate
Those who their Vineyards let;
Who of their Profit do abate
That they some Ease may get.*

12. *My Church and Vineyard is alway
My Care and my Delight ;
I myself keep it every Day,
And watch it every Night.
Drest by my Hand, watch'd by my Eye,
Its Fruit to me abounds ;
The Praise of its Fertility
Wholly to me redounds.*

13. *My dearest Church, who art compos'd
Of diverse Companies,
Now we have both our Minds disclos'd,
I'll end with this Advice:
As all the Members give an Ear
Unto thy gracious Strain,
So let me often from thee hear
Until we meet again.*

The Church.

14. *Ah my Dear Saviour ! pity me,
Preserve me in thy Heart ;
And Oh make haste, make haste, that we
May meet and never part.*

D I V E S

A N D

L A Z A R U S.

IN *Judah's* Vale a Man of Wealth abode,
 Vile as a Beast, yet worshipp'd as a God ;
 Who *Tyrian* Cloaths, and *Egypt's* Linen wear,
 And on whose Table met Land, Sea and Air.
 Beneath the Threshold of his outmost Gate
 A pale, deformed, horrid Carcase fate :
 Another *Job*, but of more fixed Woes,
 Who from his Dunghil never once arose.

* *God help me* was his Name. 'God' was his all ;
 Those few that knew him, *Lazarus* did him
 call.

Need, Pain and Scorn, at once did on him lie ;
 His Bed was Earth, his Covering was the Sky.
 Nothing had he to pay off Nature's Scores ;
 Empty he was of Bread, but full of Sores.

Hunger

* *The English of Lazarus.*

Hunger (that Rack) will make a Man confess
 What modest Minds endeavour to suppress.
 Sharp Hunger whets the Wit, and mends its
 Strain,

It hurts the Bowels, but it helps the Brain.
 A Servant pass'd the Gate, where, lo! He found
 This rueful Object grovelling on the Ground.
 Said Lazarus, Sir, If Pity be my due,
 Give to your Master what I give to you.

Lazarus his Petition.

MOST Noble Sir, I humbly crave
 What Nature doth expect of me;
 I am a Borderer on the Grave,
 Half slain with sharp Necessity.

For Childrens Bread I do not call;
 I do not ask your Servants Fare;
 Only the Sweeping of your Hall
 I beg, and what your Dogs may spare.

Doom me not, Sir, to perish at your Gate,
 Who may preserve me at so cheap a Rate,
 For Father Judah's Sake some Fragments give;
 I'll serve you at God's Altars whilst I live.

Dives his Answer.

WHAT Dog is this that dares presume on me!
 Accurst be all such crawling Toads as he:
 Pests of my Gate, Vermin that creep so nigh,
 I hate 'em; let him rot and die. In

In vain the poor Man's Thoughts pursu'd his
 Suit,
 The Dogs were human, but their Lord a Brute;
 They left their Snarling to their Master's Face;
 They ran, and *Lazarus* gently did embrace.
 He was the pity'd Patient of those Hounds,
 Whose lambent Tongues did cool his burning
 Wounds.

This done, the squalid Vassals of the Times
 Scorn'd ragged Virtue, honour'd purple Crimes.
 Things are mis-judged by the purblind Eye,
 Which views their Posture, not their Tendency,
 'Till *Justice* 'wakes to right its injur'd Laws,
 Which doth not weigh the Person, but the Cause.

Nor Rags, nor Sores, are Clouds that can
 disguise
 A splendid Soul to Heaven's Soul-searching
 Eyes;
 Earth's *Laz'rus* was Heaven's *Dives*; Earth's
 Disdain
 Was a meet Guest for Heaven to entertain.
 Now comes the Golden Hour that sets him free
 From his Apprenticeship to Misery.
 His Corps (the Grave's old Neighbour) long
 undrest
 At length is flipt into its Bed of Rest.
 A Treasure 'tis, tho' Funeral Cost it wants;
The richest Mineral is the Dust of Saints;
 He was his own (most serious) Mourner here;
 He mourn'd enough, he needs no hired Tear.

The

The Time is come that *Lazarus* must be clad
With such fine Linen *Dives* never had.

The Time is come that *Lazarus* must be fed
With Heaven's rich Juices, and with Angels
Bread.

There is a Table richly spread above,
There is an everlasting Feast of Love;
A Feast which Friends and Friendship doth
maintain,

Pale Envy is not there, nor proud Disdain;
They all are one, in one they all agree,
One is their all, which makes all one to be.
Here's Height of Mirth with Depth of Serious-
Plenty without the Hazard of Excess; (ness,
Here are full Joys in Hand, full Joys in View,
Here Wine and Appetite are ever New;
Ever begins their Feast and ne'er doth end,
Whom growing Loaves and living Streams
attend;

Their Harps are well-strung Hearts, well tuned
Tongues,

And sacred Hallelujahs are their Songs;
Here sit the Saints, here the Believers Sire
Is nobly seated in his rich Attire;
Hither the King of Heaven new Guests does call,
Nor can he come too late that comes at all.

The mighty one who dwells and rules on High,
Angels attend with an obedient Eye.
The Secrets of his Breast they do not Skill,
But are the trusty Servants of his Will.

Thus

Thus charg'd he them, 'Bring Lazarus to
the Feast,

'And let him take his Place next Abraham's
Breast'

They heard with Rev'rence, and obey'd their
King,

Joy rais'd their Hearts, and nimbly shook their
Wing.

They fled from Heaven, yet Heaven was with
them still,

It was their Heaven to do their Master's Will.

They stop't not at the Stars (that pompous Show)

Who went to view a brighter Star below.

The Point design'd they well did understand,

Who had old Voy'gers been to Canaan's Land.

There had they been Lot's Guests (who was
their Ward,)

There had they been Elifha's flaming Guard,

In that Land chiefly lay their Lord's Affairs,

They traffick'd there for Souls (those precious
Wares.)

Soon came they where sick Lazarus had his
Lair,

They stopp'd and waited for their Passenger;

No Visitant found they with him but the Lord;

No Nurle but Faith, no Cordial but the Word.

They heard him praying, 'Lord, some Mercy show,

'For I can find no Mercy here below.'

This said, he sigh'd, and was of Life bereav'd;

He gave his Soul, and they his Soul receiv'd;

With

With Shouts and Songs triumphant up they
went,

And to the Company did him present; (Guest,
They shouted all, and joy'd the new-come
He gently stoops, and leans on *Abraham's* Breast.

Whom *Dives* curs'd and stately Fools disdain'd,

How is he bless'd! How is he entertain'd!

Tho' Virtue here on Earth neglected lies;

Yet Heaven will raise it, for 'tis born to rise.

Dives, that filken God, must never die,

Unless his Creatures and false Prophets lie.

He's safe, if Death he casts as far behind

His Body, as it is below his Mind.

He's always young, he learns it from his Glass,

Which smooths his furrow'd Brow and paints
his Face.

But a cold striking Hand confutes the Eye,

Down falls his flattering Glass, his Fancies die;

His Garden-Walks must him no longer know,

The Life-Tree in his Garden doth not grow.

His Palace must be chang'd for a dark Tomb;

That was his Inn, but this must be his Home;

He must no longer at his Table stay,

The Voider (Death) is come to take away:

Death, that abhorr'd (both Name and) Thing
comes on,

And potently torments this potent One:

It makes amazing Breaches; and, in short,

Hath seiz'd the Out-work, and attacks the Fort,

In what a wretched Posture does he lie!

He cannot live, and yet he dares not die.

His

His Debt must be distrain'd; for he'll not pay,
Nor yield his Ghost; it must be fetch'd away,
He spurns, he struggles, but Death keeps him
under,

And with one Stroke tears Flesh and Soul
afunder;

Then rang the House with his five Brethrens
Cries;

Alas! Our Brother! so they clos'd his Eyes.
His outward Parts are wash'd, his inner Rooms
Stuff'd with *Arabian* Sweets and rich Perfumes,
Now Death his Purple is, now he's allow'd
Fine Linen too, but 'tis a Fun'ral Shroud;
Gravesac'd Spectators with their Garments torn
And shrouded Lips attend, the Room doth
mourn.

Ah what a poor Revenge is this on Fate!
For one that cannot live, to lie in State.
Amidst the gazing Crowd the Bearers come,
With Pomp they bring him to his painted Tomb,
Minstrels and Trumpeters their Noises join,
And Women sell false Tears for current Coin.
Now lest his Friends should in salt Streams be
drown'd,

The Cup of Consolation goes its Round.
But stay, my Soul, 'tis Death that thou must
view,

Not Shadows which dead Bodies do ensue.

What a dark Notion and Absurdity
Is this to living Men that they must die!

Grim

Grim Death on his pale Horse triumphant rides,
 He strikes us thro' our nearest Kinsman's Sides.
 Yet are we senseless as the stupid Mule,
 Live as Exceptions from the common Rule ;
 We cast a Cloth o'er Death ; 'tis soon forgot ;
 We charm the Serpent, and it stings us not.

Now might one let this pleasant Error pass,
 If Death was all ; but Death his Second has ;
 When once the Dissolution-Hour is come,
 Out goes the Soul to hear her final Doom.

You who have slightly heard the Fun'ral Knell,
 Now hear the Voice which dooms the Soul to
 Hell ;

For those whose Hearts an *Earthquake* will not
 shake,

Thro' Heaven's loud roaring Cannon may awake,

Dives' black Ghost (all Horror and Despair)
 Is from its Prison snatch'd to th' dismal Bar ;
 Behind him the impatient Devils roar,
 His Sins (those worst of Devils) stand before ;
 With Terrors thus besieg'd in every Place,
 He hears a Voice, but might not see the Face,
 The Voice was Thunder roaring in his Ears,
 The Words were tearing Bolts and flaming Spears ;
 " Go, thou accurst, vile Caitif, hence away
 " To damned Ghosts ; come Devils, take your Prey."
 Struck with this Thunder, down he sunk, he fell,
 And was a Triumph to the Fiends of Hell.
 Th' ingenious Tyrants did a Council pack,
 Their Malice sets their Wits upon the Rack.

M

When

When they had jointly study'd to torment,
 For their pale Prisoner then in haste they sent;
 They chain'd and stak'd him to a furious Flame,
 Where constant Streams of Brimstone feed the
 same.

Behold Sin's Martyr, and Hell's Sacrifice!
 He yells and howls, and vents un pity'd Cries.
 He finds no friendly Ear or tender Eye,
 He feels a Thousand Deaths, but cannot die;
 Like burning Brass, he's fir'd in every Part,
 A Vulture lives upon his living Heart.
 God's gone, he's gone, and what an Hell is this,
 To be depriv'd of everlasting Bliss!
 O this eternal Banishment is worse,
 Than all the Remnant of the Doom's-day Curse.
 This Hell of Hell may thus be understood,
 No Torments are so bad as God is good.
 Besides, an Appetite in Man doth lie,
 Which nothing but a God can satisfy;
 And tho' his Appetite be here deluded
 By various Objects in God's room obtruded,
 Yet when at Death all these are laid aside,
 Then thirsts the Soul for God, but is deny'd;
 This Thirst unquench'd is such an inward Flame,
 An Hell in Hell is its deserv'd Name;
 In Hell there cannot be an Atheist,
 'Tis Hell in Hell that God is dearly mist.
 Poor *Dives* cries, "*The God for whom I starve*
 "*I cannot see, because I would not serve;*
 "*I bleed to think, (and thinking is my Fate)*
 "*He often knocked at my bolted Gate,*

" *Where*

" Where are those Baits on which my Lusts did
prey,

" The Price for which I cast myself away?

" Where's now my Pomp, and Pride, my Feasts
and Sports;

" Whose Chains detain'd me from the sacred
Courts?

" O did my House so near the Temple stand!

" O did I perish out of Judah's Land!

" Might I be try'd once more! But 'tis too late,

" Justice hath lock'd the golden Mercy-gate;

" Now I believe and tremble; I repent,

" But my Repentance is my Punishment;

" It is not Virtue, but Necessity;

" Alas! how miserably wise am I?

" Might I return now to that happy Night,

" Which veil'd me ere my Parent saw the Light;

" Ah me! Must I lie here, and ne'er come out?"

He raves and flings his Curses round about.

He curs'd both Heav'n and Hell, he curs'd the
Earth,

He curs'd the Day that witness'd to his Birth:

But neither can his Tears his Grievs assuage,

Nor does it cool his Heart to vent his Rage.

This keen Reflection makes the Furnace glow,

" It must be ever with me as 'tis now.

" Hell's Flames no Ashes will produce: But I

" Must ever dying live, and living die.

" Souls for themselves the Balm of Patience
bear;

" 'Tis the Poor's Physick, but it grows not here:

" *My Soul is fill'd with Home-bred Tears and Taunts;*

" *'Tis its own Fury, and itself it haunts.*

" *Pity was wont in Misery's House to dwell,*

" *But I am haled by the Hounds of Hell.*

" *Time us'd to be a Surgeon good at Wounds;*

" *But I am got beyond its happy Bounds.*

" *A Vessel charg'd with scalding Wrath am I,*

" *Hoop'd in the Circle of Eternity."*

You who affect the pleasant Path to Hell,
And love Damnation in its Causes well,
Look straight before you on your Journey's End,
Do ye not see th' Internal Smoak ascend?
Have not some Sparks into your Bosoms flown,
Whereby the neighb'ring Coasts may well be
known?

Bold Sinner, stop, no further Progress make,
Lest your next Step be in the fiery Lake;
But Oh! He ridicules his Soul's Affairs,
And labours to be damn'd at unawares.
His Humour would not bear a Countermand;
Alas for them who hate to understand!
Who on their Souls Experiments will try,
At the Charge of a sad Eternity.
Alas for them who never will awake
Till they are plung'd into the burning Lake.

Dives was here struck blind with flattering Lyes,
Now the Hell-brand lifts up his flaming Eyes;
He spies the Region where the Happy dwell,
But Heaven at Distance is another Hell.

He

He spies a *Canaan's* Feast ; for chiefly there
 The Natives of his Country do appear ;
 He spies blest *Abraham* with his faithful Race,
 And *Lazarus* sitting next to *Abraham's* Place.
 Oh ! How it twinges and torments his Eyes ?
 His Scorn to Envy turns, and thus he cries ;
 " *The Scoundrel who lay starving at my Gate,*
 " *Is now a Peer in Heaven, and Angels' Mate ;*
 " *The Beggar sits and feeds on Angels Fare,*
 " *His Rags are Robes, such as Heaven's Nobles*
 " *The Dog, whom in Derision once I had, (wear ;*
 " *Is turn'd into a Star, which makes me mad."*

Now *Dives* is the Beggar, and applies
 Himself to *Abraham* with his mournful Cries.

Dives his Petition.

A H! Father *Abraham*, pity me,
 Who with tormenting Flames am stung,
 For Pity whither should I flee,
 But to the Bowels whence I sprung?
 The Grapes rich Blood I do not crave,
 Water's cheap Element will suffice ;
 And tho' my Tongue thirsts for a Wave,
 For one poor Drop it only cries.

By *Lazarus'* moist'ned Finger may you please
 To give my scorched Tongue one Moment's Ease.
 I dwell in Flames, and Flames in me do dwell;
 O for a Drop from Heaven to sweeten Hell.

Mark how the Wheel is turn'd, the Time is come,
 He begs a Drop, who once deny'd a Crumb.

Right thinking Judges then must need approve,
The tart and equal Answer from above.

Abraham's Answer.

ART thou forlorn of God and com'st to me!
What can I tell thee then but Misery?
Remember, Son, the Heav'n thy Feet have trod,
Earth was thy Heav'n, and Pleasure was thy God.
Remember *Lazarus* had his Hell below,
Thou wert the Devil which did cause his Woe;
Now are his Rags *Heav'n's Robes* with glorious
Beams,
Thy Purple, Flames, thy Junkets, sulph'rous
Streams.

Is he thy Wish who was thy Scorn before?
Shall *Lazarus* now be welcome to thy Door?
And do st imagine some fair Bridge to lie
Between the white and black Eternity?
No, there's a mighty Gulf which rends in twain
The fiery Region and the Ætherial Plain.
We are too happy to be dispossess'd,
And You so cursed, you can ne'er be blest;
We are so rais'd, that we can never fall,
And you so sunk, you cannot rise at all, (first,
Once Angels went from Heaven to Hell; but
They blacken'd were to Devils and accurs'd;
Since those Stars fell, none of the Heav'nly Host,
Or did, or shall, visit the Infernal Coast.
To you 'tis bitter; but to us 'tis sweet
That we are parted, and must never meet;
Heav'n

Heav'n were not Heav'n, if it near Hell was
 plac'd,
 Nor Hell were Hell, if it of Heav'n might taste.
 Can our pure Light with Smoke and Darkness
 dwell,
 The Poles shall sooner meet than Heav'n and Hell.
 Though Speech avails not, racking Misery
 Extorts from him another fruitless Cry.

Dives his Second Petition.

IF such an envious Gulph there be,
 Yet, Father, lend an Ear to me.
 From Earth to Heaven a Way is pav'd;
 How else came Lazarus to be sav'd?
 Let me so small a Boon entreat,
 That Lazarus may his Steps repeat.
 And that he may embody'd go,
 And tell the Stories of my Woe
 To my five Brethren, who all dwell within
 My Father's House (Oh! had we never been
 Brethren in Bond of Nature and of Sin.)
 O let him tell them that there is a God,
 Whose Sceptre is a Sin-revenging Rod;
 And let him tell them that advent'rous Drolls
 Shall find unto their Cost that they have Souls.
 Mine stuck i'th' Scabbard till its angry Lord
 Unsheathed it, and prov'd a flaming Sword.
 That Limbeck, Death, draws Spirits from our
 Clay
 To th' Element of Souls they haste away;

*And let him tell them that the Sadducee
 Shall be Hell's Convert, and recant with me;
 Whilst they lie sleeping on the Brink of Hell,
 The Smoke they see not, nor the Brimstone smell:
 There they'll disport themselves with Golden
 Dreams,
 Till they betray 'em to these burning Streams:
 But let him scare them with an hollow Sound,
 That they (like Lot) may flee their cursed Ground:
 O send him quickly; lest they tumble in,
 And prove the flaming Records of my Sin:
 Can I no Water get at my Desire?
 Yet, O! no more, no more new Flakes of Fire.
 This Abraham heard with unrelenting Ears;
 No Pity's due to Hell-hounds Cries and Tears.*

Abraham his Answer.

ONCE Heav'n bow'd down and touch'd
 th' Arabian Hill,
 And gave a Sample of the Sacred Will
 To Moses' Hands, that chosen Man of God;
 Copies were taken, and dispers'd abroad.
 (So his kind Arms abroad the River flings,
 So the free Sun extends his fruitful Wings;
 As this most sacred Light itself displays,
 And gilds the Tents of Jacob with its Rays.)
 For Saints to come from God there is no Cause;
 Himself came down, and did promulge his Laws.
 Need Lazarus take a Journey from the Sky,
 When Wisdom at your Brethren's Gates doth cry?
 Let

Let them hear *Moses*, read by their Divines
 I'th' Synagogue, to which their House adjoins;
 And let them read the reverend Prophets next,
 Those wond'rous Commentators on the Text,

Dives his Reply.

MOSES ('tis true) was an unerring Guide,
 So were those Sixteen Prophets on his Side;
 This I as much believe as if I saw
 The flaming Mount, and heard the fiery Law,
 When every Word was accented with Thunder,
 Which rent those Oaks, the Jewish Hearts asunder.
 'Tis here as necessary to believe,
 As it is natural to feel and grieve.
 I that am now a Proof of sacred Writ,
 Do argue backwards with my After-Wit:
 Hell in the Threatnings, tho' I did not see,
 The Threatnings are in Hell made plain to me.
 I skowl'd upon the Heavens when they did lowre;
 The Clouds I fear'd not, but I feel the Shower.
 Nothing will move my Brethren but a Sign,
 Experience is the powerfullest Divine:
 Faith is the Child of Sense; whereas Report
 Is entertain'd with Blasphemy or Sport:
 They have a Sword to cut the Gordian Knot;
 Moses saith many Things, but proves them not.
 And tho' they hear substantial Proofs there be,
 Nothing is Proof to them, but what they see.
 Had they an Emissary from above,
 The very Sight a future State would prove:

Might

*Might he but tell them of your Heavenly Strand,
 They'd all turn Pilgrims for that holy Land:
 Or might he preach the Torments which I feel,
 His Word would wound like burning Gads of Steel;
 His Word would tear down all, like thund'ring
 Guns,*

Beyond the faint Attempts of Levi's Sons.

*O were I of this cursed Chain releas'd!
 (With that he gnash'd his Teeth, and knock'd
 his Breast:)*

*Might I be to the Earth a Preacher sent,
 I'd burn up Sin like Stubble where I went;
 I'd smoke away their Lusts and flattering Lyes,
 Or forth I'd drive them with my glaring Eyes:
 I'd blow a Trumpet which should rend the Ground,
 Their trembling Heart-Strings should in Concert
 sound:*

*I'd teach the faithless Sadducees their Creed,
 And make the Pharisees to pray indeed:
 I'd tell the Ranters such a doleful Tale,
 That they should mourn as in Megiddo's Vale:
 I'd unbewitch the Sots and Slaves of Sin,
 That such a Reformation should begin,
 As in Josiah's Time did not befall,
 And the next Age should canonize them all.*

Abraham's Rejoinder.

A *Preaching Apparition would confound
 Heaven-daring Giants with its dreadful
 Sound;*

None

None quake so soon as they who Heaven do dare;
 Who fear not God, the greatest Cowards are!
 But were the Coast once clear, the Shake once
 The Lees would settle as they did before. (o'er,

' It was a waking Dream they would conclude,

' A Juggle which our Senses did delude:

' Or did we something see? And something hear?

' Yet whence it came it doth not yet appear.

Nay, they would gravely reason out the Case,

' What we can grasp we gladly will embrace:

' The rest we leave; to them let Children bark,

' And fright themselves with Fancies in the Dark.

' What is a Spirit? What's Infinity?

' What does the Word [Eternal] signify?

Charm'd are their Souls with this Oration made,

And now their Fear shall vanish like the Shade.

Thus Fools (tho' pounded) will not lose a Grain,

And frozen Snakes, when thaw'd, will hiss again.

Come now thou that pretend'st to act the Man,

Something there needs must be which ne'er
 began;

If all were nothing once, so 'twould be now,

A Number from bare Cyphers could not grow.

Nothing's a barren Womb; if that could breed,

To be, and not to be, were well agreed.

One Point is gain'd, that something ever was:

This hard Word *ever* you must let it pass.

Know'st thou how far this *ever* doth extend?

You must grant what you cannot comprehend.

But what was *ever*? This imperial Robe

Suits not the Azure nor the Verdant Globe.

One is a turning Wheel that spins out Time,
 The other Pools with Spots of harden'd Slime.
 Now mark the Kinds of each, and you shall find,
 Unto their proper Spheres they are confin'd.
 Hereby is their Original confest,

There's but a partial Goodness in the best,
 This is the Voice of their Infirmary,

' Meer Beggars and Derivatives are we.'

What's of itself that doth itself suffice,

'Tis from our Creatureship our Wants arise.

What of itself, that in itself is blest,

'Tis its own Center and at perfect Rest;

Rich is that Being whence all Beings are,

And whence each Being hath its proper Share.

Nor is't a Wonder of so high Degree,

To make to be, as of itself to be;

Something then ever was, which needs must be,

From all the Shades of Imperfections free.

Hence are we; and to think, in vain we are,

Is to condemn his Wisdom at our Bar.

As Men the Badge of their Dependence wear

On their frail Flesh, (the Grave's Probationer.)

And on their Hearts, whose restless Motions show

Something they want, which is not here below;

So must they own whom they are forc'd to know,

And pay themselves to whom themselves they

owe.

Neither would this their Light of Comfort dim,

But they should serve themselves in serving him.

When Graves upbraid proud Grave-stones with

God's Servant is a Title never dies. (their Lyes,

The

The Thoughts in Man do prove his Soul to be,
His Conscience bodes his Immortality.

This Bosom-Magistrate his Facts espies,
And binds him over to the last Assize.

He trembles at his Summons to appear;
His Fear makes not a God, God makes his Fear.

Religion by corroding, doth assay

Even thro' an Heart of Rock to force its Way,

O might he to himself be so sincere,

To strive to please whom he's constrain'd to fear!

Yet will he be a Vagrant all his Days,
Without a Method to direct his Ways. (Breast?

What Eye e'er pierc'd th' Almighty's sacred
Himself knows only what will please him best.

Since Man was made to serve his Maker's Will,

Which is an Height transcending human Skill;

A Rule must needs be granted from on High

For him to regulate his Actions by. (contains,

This Heaven-sprung Rule that sacred Roll
Which in the consecrated Land remains.

Its Words and Mysteries are all Divine,

And weighty Mountains hang on every Line;

It (Sun-like) shines by its own Golden Beams,

And scorns its base Co-rival senseless Dreams.

Those Spangles which the *Heathen* Sages left,

Were from this Mine snatch'd by an honest

Theft.

Give me that hardy Brow that dares deny

The Bible's well attested History.

Moses said many Things, and prov'd them too,

With Proofs, which all Hell's Magick did outdo.

God's

God's Power he carried in his Hands, to show
 That from his Mouth the Truths of God did flow;
 And his Credentials on his Face did shine,
 Which there were written by a Beam Divine.
 The gazing *Jews* were struck, who plainly saw,
 That whence he had his Light, he had his Law.
 Those Sections which the sacred Code begin,
 Were by an Age of Wonders usher'd in.
 The Prophets Superstructure firmly stands
 On two hewn Stones laid by th' Almighty's
 Hands.

They count the Footsteps of their coming Lord,
 They view the Mercy-Seat with one Accord.
 One tells his Name, another tells his Place,
 Another writes the Beauties of his Face.
 Thus is he glanc'd at by their piercing Eyes,
 The last of them his Harbinger espies. (spring
 And O the brisk, the charming Airs, that
 From the Consent of each harmonious String!
 He's overwise who dreads fictitious Lines
 From Hands unbrib'd, and Hearts without
 Designs.

They wrote beyond *themselves*, which serves to
 prove

Their Hearts and Hands were guided from
 above.

The World's just Age, and what was done of Old,
 Are in the sacred Register enroll'd.

Here may be seen the pristine State of Man,
 And, (that *Nile's Head*) the Source where Ills
 began.

Here

Here may be seen what makes a second Spring;
Here is the best Account of every Thing.
The Wonders witness now by mortal Eyes,
Are but the Products of its Prophecies.

*The Scriptures rule the World: Till this shall burn,
All Ages on the Axle-Tree shall turn.*

This Heaven-inspired Volume doth avow,
What Reason may embrace, or must allow.
When God describes himself, 'tis such an
Height,

As far surmounts quick Fancy's highest Flight.
'Tis Reason, Reason should be puzzled here;
Man should be God, if he knew what he were.
To these vast Heights thus sober Reason saith,
I see the Seals, and yield the Chair to Faith.
Now the Almighty's Word shall Vermin flight,
When Heaven and Earth bear Witness to his
Might!

Vast Numbers from his Word at first did flow,
And must his Word pass for a Cypher now?
Nay, his Commands at first Creations were,
And now his Word commands and gives an Ear:
It is a Sun that gives both Light and Eyes,
A Voice that bids, and makes the Dead arise.
It makes Clouds, Stars, and sends them to the
Sky,

And turneth Heaven into a Colony.
Unbelief is not Reason, but a Lust;
God's Hand and Sword give it its mortal Thrust.
The

The Law of the two Tables will prevail,
 When other (self-invented) Means shall fail.
 Whilst other Archers level in the Dark,
 The Arrows from God's Quiver hit the Mark.
 What Voices, or what Visions, would you have?
 God's Voice (or nothing) will your Brethren
 save.

New Methods of Salvation to contrive,
 Is fruitless Labour; let 'em hear and live:
 But if they won't, their *Mittimus* is seal'd;
 A stubborn Patient never can be heal'd.

*If Preachers rais'd by God they will disclaim,
 Preachers rais'd from the Grave would preach
 in vain.*

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F I N I S.

